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M. H. Tyng with Mr Drake.

1817.

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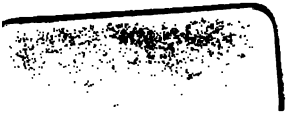

THE

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

אחלי הי הוי אהה חה ליום	
Aĭ, aĭ, aĭ, aĭ,	
Φεῦ, φεῦ.	Σοφοκ. Οιδ. Τυρ. Act. quint. Scen. sec.
Aĭ, aĭ. ἰὼ μοι.	Ευριπ. Φοιν. Act. quint. Scen. tert.
Hei mihi!	Virg. Æn. II.—274.
Ditto.	Ditto Ditto XII.—620.
Ditto.	Prop. Lib. IV. Eleg. I.—58.
Heu!	Virg. Geor. Lib. IV.—491. et passim
Heu, heu!	Catul. Poem. LXXX.—6.
Proh dolor!	Tit. Liv.
Oimè!	Guarini. Past. Fido, Atto second. Scen. sesta.
Me miserable!	Milt. Par. Lost. B. IV.—73.
Alas!	Shak. Milt. &c. &c. &c. passim.
Oh! oh! oh!	Shak. Macb. Act V. Scene 1.
O! O! O!	Ditto Othel. Act V. Scene 1.
O! O! O!	Ditto Ditto. Ditto. Ditto.
Ah me!	Eng. Trag. passim.
Helas!	Fr. Ditto Ditto.

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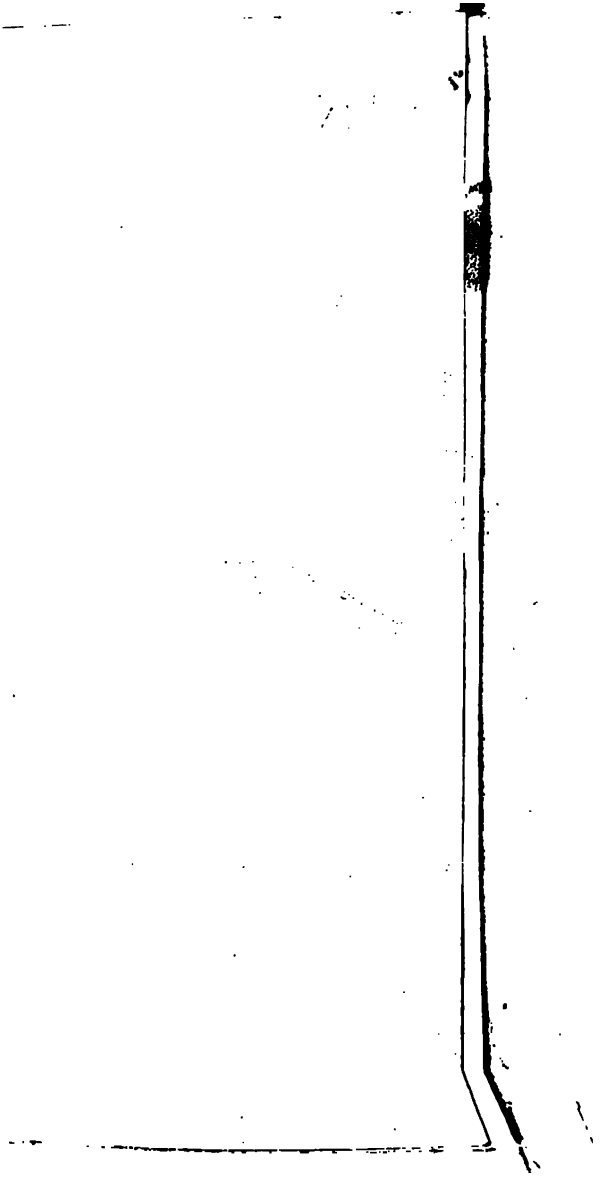

THE

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE;

OR THE

LAST GROANS OF TIMOTHY TESTY AND SAMUEL SENSITIVE;

WITH A FEW SUPPLEMENTARY SIGHS FROM

MRS. TESTY.

WITH WHICH ARE NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME INTERSPERSED,

VARIETIES,

INCIDENTAL TO THE PRINCIPAL MATTER, IN PROSE AND VERSE.

IN NINE ADDITIONAL DIALOGUES,

AS OVERHEARD BY

JAMES BERESFORD, A. M.

FELLOW OF MERTON-COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Intolerabilibusque *Malis* erat anxius angor
Assiduè comes et *Gemitu* commista querela,
*Singultus*que frequens. LUCRET.

Sen. An cuiquam est usus homini se ut cruciet?
Tes. Mihi. TER.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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1807.

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MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

DIALOGUE THE THIRTEENTH.

Testy, Senior and Junior.—Sensitive.

[*Mrs. Testy, as before, is occasionally present at the different meetings.*]

Sensitive.

My dear Sir, I am glad—yes, Mr. Testy, it is now in my nature to be glad—and very glad, believe me, I am, to see you again after my late trip to the Continent, where I have been endeavouring to confirm my new-found happiness by shifting the scene.

Tes. Shifting the scene!—pho! pho!—I should as soon have thought of becoming a scene-shifter in earnest, by way of a help to happiness. All I know is that *my* scenes have

been continually shifting from the frying-pan to the fire, and from the fire back to the frying-pan, ever since we parted.

Sen. I am truly sorry to hear it, Sir; I had some hope that my brother, in his last conversation with you———

Tes. If you name that starched, canting quizz again in my hearing, Sensitive, I won't sit in the room with you:—if *I* had had such a brother, I'd have changed my name twenty years ago, with or without an estate by the bargain.—What!—because a fellow has not spirit enough to go out of his senses, when every thing about him is in a sworn plot against his patience, he is to set up for a cooler of warm constitutions, is he?—because his own veins are filled with stagnant milk and water, he is to quarrel with my blood for circulating!—No, no; it's all envy, that's clear enough; you may tell him, then, with my compliments, that I don't envy *him*. I tell you it won't do, Sensitive; and so, if you have any more brothers behind, why, before I have any thing to say to them, I shall choose to be well certified that they are awake, or at least that they won't insist on my going to sleep for company.

Sen. Indeed, Sir, you have disappointed me cruelly; I had hoped after that alarming fit with which you may recollect to have been seized——

Tes. Which of the two do you mean? for I have had another of those little touches since that pestilent equipage came across me.

Sen. I certainly allude to that which you have now mentioned, and was going on to say I was not without hope that you would have considered it as one of the two warnings which usually precede the third and last of these awkward falls. On *me*, however, it has certainly wrought that salutary effect; and aided as it was by the seasonable admonitions I received from the person whom you have forbidden me to name again, it has given so effectual a diversion to the current of my thoughts, words, and actions, that I have since found myself able not merely to endure my existence, but, unaccountable as it must sound in your ear, to enjoy it.

Tes. *Have* you—I cannot say I am lucky enough to see any fun in living and breathing; —nor you neither, if you would own the truth; for as to the jolly character you are taking up all of a sudden, you must not flatter

yourself that it sits very easy upon you. —Come, come, Sensitive, let us have no more of all this, or I shall not be able to answer for myself—especially as I have not yet got over your last offence—you know whereabout I am, I believe, and I dare say have not forgotten certain letters which I shot after you across the water, as I could not come up with you by land, for printing that sneaking chapter at the end of "The Miseries," and so spoiling the best book that ever was put together:—

"Exigis ut nulli *gemitus* tormenta sequantur!"

mighty practicable doctrine, no doubt!—O you are a ———

Sen. What am I, Mr. Testy?—a happy man, I confess, if that be a crime, or a calamity; and *you* are as certainly a wretch, if that be a merit and a blessing;—but I beg your pardon for wishing you well, and since you seem so firmly convinced that "'tis true frisk and fun to be grieving," I will lose no good opportunity, in the way of friendship, of forwarding your object.

Tes. Ned!—confound these impudent, headstrong, young rebels!—Ned! Ned!—

(*Enter Ned Tes.*)—So, Sirrah!—why did not you come the instant I called you, you puppy?

Ned Tes. Because, father, there are exactly 52 stairs between the ground-floor and the garret, where I happened to be when I first heard you; I counted them as I came down, Sir, in case you should put the question; and besides, Sir, I remembered "cave ne titubes," as I came down.

Tes. But forgot "mandataque frangas," you young rascal!—What did I want him for, Sensitive?

Sen. Ask Mr. Edward himself, Sir; he has more practice than I have lately had in guessing out your own meanings for you.

Tes. I have it.—Why, Ned, it is just as I told you it would be; I can make nothing of Sensitive here; he is all for peace and happiness, and, in the humour he is now in, would be no more stung by a Misery than a rhinoceros by a gnat:—if a tallow-candle were to go out under his nose, he would not be at the trouble of throwing it out of the window.—Well, well, then—since things are come to this point, I must get his place filled as well as I can:—somebody to rave with me—or at

least to hear me rave--I must have, or I should burst like a bottle of old beer, or a woman with a secret; and so, as I am set upon my legs again at last, (no thanks, however, to the old beldam who calls herself a nurse,) why, though you are a more unaccountable dog than ever, and seem, of late, to be getting into a trick of hoaxing your father by ironical consolations, instead of helping him to feel his torments as you ought to do, I am afraid I must put up with you alone, and carry on my plan of bringing you up to misery by myself, since Master Sensitive there is pleased to turn his back upon me all on a sudden:—hark 'ee then—come to me to-morrow morning in the library at eleven o'clock precisely, and hear what I have to say upon a new subject, which neither Sensitive nor I had the wit to think of when we fancied we had toiled through every chapter in the black book of life. Why what the plague could we have been dreaming of, Master Sensitive, when we overlooked WATERING PLACES!—I only wish you had made one in the jaunt which Madam Testy has lately wheedled me to take with her for the cure of her annual megrims! you would not have

been quite so ready, I take it, to leave me in the lurch as you have chosen to do. What my enjoyments were on this hopeful expedition, it would now be to no purpose to tell you; however, I shall do like Mr. Puff, when *he* could not get a fair hearing in the right quarter—" print it every word;"—in my own way, though, please to observe—no snivelling sequel to a tale of honest fury—no officious hints to the reader, at the end of the catalogue, that bad is good, and bitter is sweet, if he has but wit enough to find it out, but naked, unsophisticated facts, just as they fell out.

Sen. Well, Mr. Testy, I have chosen an unlucky moment for my visit, I perceive: these are by no means

" Your soft approaches, and your moments kind."

Had I found you a little less zealous in defence of a suffering life, I might, perhaps, have made one more attempt to convince you that this poor persecuted chapter is neither such mere nonsense, nor contains so " musty a moral" as some of my critics, in the wisdom of *their* morality, have decided it to be; and even if it were, that an innocent error of the agreeable

kind is better, at the worst, than a tormenting truth. As things stand, I will no longer wound your eyes with the image of felicity which I am unfortunately compelled to present to them, and so, till you are tired of the tempest in which you live, and can bear to look on a tranquil countenance, I take my leave. (Exit *Sen.*)

Tes. Your servant, your servant:—when *you* can talk reason, as formerly, and are tired of the calm in which you live, I'll hold out my hand to you;—but till there is "hail fellow," there is no "well met" for me.—(*Then, as he goes out*) Ned, you varlet! (*Exit.*)

Ned Tes. Yes, Sir, I'll be at your elbow—(not too near it though)—at the appointed time,

> "And hear and see thee all the while,
> Softly speak, and sweetly smile."

DIALOGUE THE FOURTEENTH.

MISERIES OF WATERING PLACES.

Testy Senior and Junior. (*The Clock strikes Eleven.*)

Testy.

THERE!—past eleven!—why what, what, what is this young rascal——(*Enter Ned Tes.*) Come along, sirrah; what are you about?—down, Sir, in that chair, and take notice that unless you have any Miseries of your own to exchange with me, I want as little of your tongue, and as much of your ear as you please, while I overhale my tablets of Misery here.—I would fain see if any thing can be made of you at last.—(*Then, striding up and down the room at six miles an hour.*)—A pretty kind of a friend and ally this!—to play the deserter in

this way, just as we had mustered all our forces, and were ready to *down* the enemy—happy, indeed! no, no, no, that won't pass: a fever is bad enough, that is granted;—worse, indeed, than any thing——except a lethargy. —A fellow thus to shut up all his senses as close as the stocks on a holiday, and then give himself out for a joyous fellow!—what a blessed little being, at this rate, a dormouse must be in the snoring half of his year!—as if *I* did not like raptures as well as another, if they were an article to be had!—however, the next thing to a storm of enjoyment is a storm of rage; and, to do my stars full justice, I am never left a long time together, without the best materials for brewing it. Never have I met with better than I now hold in my hand:—Watering places!—a mighty soft name truly for a parcel of Pest-houses which you visit for the express convenience of being ducked like a thief a dozen times in a week, and then, by way of recovering your breath, toiling up one perpendicular cliff, and down another, like Bunyan's Pilgrim—but hold! I have it all down here, and need not wear myself out before my time by telling it twice over for nothing.—O that that Turncoat had been

with me!—but no matter: I'll contrive to decoy him into such another scheme of pleasure next summer, and then let us see whether I shall not be able to whistle him back to right notions of men and things, in spite of that solemn Stock-fish who has preached him out of all feeling and understanding.—But I am forgetting the business in hand.—Why did not you put me in mind of it, sirrah? What are you doing with your tongue?

Ned Tes. *Holding* it, Sir, as you desired me.

Tes. Aye—holding it when it ought to move, or loosing it when it ought to lie still:—is that by my desire?—But what did I want with *you*, puppy?

Ned Tes. I think, Sir, it was to act as *the chorus*, during the absence of a principal interlocutor.

Tes. Yes, yes—and to beat a little Misery into your wild head—I shall forget my own name next:—stand you there, then, while I read to you a smart lecture upon *sea-side* luxuries.

Ned Tes. If you hold your intention of publishing them, father, I'll give you "θαλάττα, θαλάττα" for a motto.

Tes. Come, come, Sir, a truce with your mottos, or I shall be at war with you.—Now, then for a little of Sensitive's newly acquired phlegm, while I venture on another peep at this villainous journal.—I must plunge into it at once, as I used to do into the salt water itself, or I shall stand shivering at the brink till all my courage is gone.—Before I begin, though, I must tell you of a trick I have played Sensitive, so as to make him still support the good old cause in spite of his teeth. Here is a bundle of his "Groans," which he had prepared, in his better days, for our next misery-meeting. These I had happened to borrow, a little before his conversion; and have taken the liberty of slipping them in among my own;—so take them all in the lump, wheat and chaff, just as they chance to lie. Now, then !—

GROAN 1. (T.)

On arriving at a poor watering-place in the dark' finding, from some mischief among your previous arrangements, no lodging prepared :—then, groping your way to the inn—(I beg pardon—*hotel*)—as the only hole in which you can pig for the night; with the exhilarating prospect before you of pigging there again the night following; and indeed as

many nights more as you choose to stay in the place; having just learned that every house, and part of a house, is already seized for three months certain; and on the departure of the present set, for three months more!

2. (T.)

Running away from your own Palace in a Paradise, for the sake of hiring a thin slice of a tall, crazy, toy-house, looking out, at the back, on a *dry* desart, and in front on a *wet* one!—*Your* share of the space consisting, in all, of one *closet* to sit up in, and another to lie down in; with a fair chance of being carried into the sea, house and all, by the first puff of wind that may favour the launch; all these advantages having been obtained, with great trouble and difficulty, at the rate of twenty guineas a week.

3. (T.)

Sauntering day by day, at the same hours, along the same cliff or beach, till it is time to visit the same library, there to see the same ideots yawning in each others faces at the sound of each others voices; many of them, moreover, having a claim on you for a half-bow, and a forced simper, as often as you meet them—the only mitigation of your misery being that, when you have once escaped from the place, you shall never hear of them more.

How does poor Young describe the amusements of watering places?—

——————————" with lab'ring step
To tread our former footsteps——beat, and beat,
The beaten track; to bid each wretched day
The former mock; to surfeit on the same,
And yawn our joys, or thank *a Misery*
For change, though sad!" *Night* 3.

4. (T.)

Condemning yourself to Margate, because Brighton is running over, on the one hand, while, on the other, the few remaining places of a private description, are all getting public as fast as they can; affording you, in their mongrel state, neither the ease and protection of privacy, nor the accommodation and amusements of publicity.

Mrs. Tes. O, pray do not talk to me of any other "Miseries of Bathing-places," except the misery of *bathing* itself.—I must beg to be heard upon it;

5. (Mrs. T.)

After having delighted yourself, as you lie snug in bed, with the sound of a storm which assures you that no machine can possibly venture out for that

day, and just as you are stealing into a delicious dream inspired by your supposed reprieve,—*bang! bang! bang!* at your chamber-door, by the mutton (or rather beef) fist of Martha Gunn, followed by her croaking summons to jump out of your dry, warm nest, and———

Tes. Stop, stop, my lady;—let *me* finish the picture in my own way, if you please; I promise you it will lose nothing in my hands, as I have not a whit more of the Newfoundland dog in me than you have:—

6. (T.)

After going down to the beach, in very good time, as you thought—every machine taken:—then, lingering and shivering about the sands for an hour, till you can snatch a turn to be drowned. —When you have at length succeeded in getting one of their *sea-hearses* over your head,—solitary confinement for another half-hour, till a brute can be spared to drag you to your burial. Something, however, with four legs on being hooked to at last, you are suddenly jerked off your centre by the lively outset of your equipage, the gruff "sit fast" not reaching your ear till too long after date to be of any use. Then follow the comforts of undressing; i. e. of baring one limb after another to the

bites of an eager blast. In the midst of this airy operation, your half-fastened door is unceremoniously *sported* by a billow, which completely swamps your dressing-room, as well as prolongs the advantages of sea-bathing by completely pickling your scattered attire, which in the unsuspecting openness of your nature, you had fatally confided to the seats. At length arrives the period (*after* you have parted with your last garment,) during which you stand crouching and quivering, till the creeping old Bather is ready to assist in suffocating you, with the choice of pitching yourself headlong into the raging deep, or crawling down the steps, and making a low bow to the first wave which you can catch in the humour to swallow you up, and then wreck your breathless carcase against whichever wheel or corner of the machine may stand most handy for the purpose. On re-entering your *sulky* in your new character, (that of a bruised and bleeding cripple) you discover, for the first time, that your own towel is safe locked up at home, by which you are reduced to the *circulating* napkin, which its last usufructuary had thrown in a wet wisp, into a leaky corner of the vehicle. When you have made the most of drying yourself with a wet rubber, (as to your *hair*, indeed, with whatever benefit of towel, it always remains a dripping mop for the day,) when you have also screwed on your clinging

clothes, and finally limped out of your amphibious tenement upon the beach, your accounts with the salt-water are not even yet closed; for you are ordered by the doctor to drink your own health, at parting, in a pint bumper of the brine in which twenty other gentlemen have been soused, a moment before!

7. (T.)

Walking home late by the brink of the cliff, on a black, blustering night, with a lantern perforated *at the sides*, as well as at the top; till the wind, after repeatedly trying to blow out your candle for you, at last——succeeds.

8. (T.)

Going into a raffle—which (unless you have the good luck to lose) encumbers you with a prize made up of fifty trumpery toys—(a pair of child's garters—"a gift from Brighton," &c. &c.)—not one of which you can contrive to be glad of.

9. (T.)

Ploughing, knee-deep, in sand, shells, or pebbles, for a whole morning together, to grub for marine curiosities, which you do not find.

10. (T.)

While pensively standing on a slippery crag upon

the beach, to watch the return of the tide, in full confidence of the firmness of your footing,—to be suddenly undeceived as to this latter particular, by an over-grown *tenth wave*, as it trips you up, and then walks over you at leisure.

11. (T.)

Running down to the beach at full speed, on an exhilarating report that a man of war is just passing by, with a cluster of prizes in tow; and arriving just in time———

Ned Tes. How lucky, father!
Tes. Hold your prate, sirrah.

——just in time to fancy you can descry a few specks, (which you are told are vessels,) in the extreme distance:—no spying-glass.

12. (T.)

At the library—when you have read in the News-papers as much as the babble and bustle around you will let you understand—finding yourself still chained to the place by the weather, with nothing for it but to stare about at the *things* with which the shop is hung, such as—samples of Likenesses in water-colour, "done in this manner," at 5*s.* each—subscription-boards for threatened publications on sorry subjects—contribution-books for

catch-penny cases of distress—cards of notice when, and where, the harriers are next to begin yelping—advertisements from bad servants out of place—the framed front-view of an inn at some neighbouring town, with a lying puff at the bottom, &c. &c. &c.

13. (T.)

Taking a ride; *i. e.* being blown up one bare, bleak hill, and down another—while all distinction between summer and winter, as far as the eye is concerned, would be quite out of mind, were it not that nature here and there blesses your eyes with a solitary furze-bush, which the salt-winds have just permitted to shew its head, and starve.

Mrs. T. Nay, Mr. Testy, I am sure you ought not to complain, for you have, at least, a *horse* to ride upon, which is more than *we* can say; only hear:—

14. (Mrs. T.)

Wishing for a *horse*, and thinking yourself in great luck if you can make interest for an *ass*, and in still greater, if, when you have got it, it will stand up (much more move,) at the earnest persuasions of the bludgeon applied from behind, by the wretch whom you take as the companion of your morning's airing.—But that's nothing:—

15. (Mrs. T.)

After hastening down to the beach, on first discovering the fishing-boats at a distance, to make sure of taking off the cream of the market,—receiving information from every fish of size and consequence upon which you had set your finger, that he is already bespoken for Lord ———'s "grand dinner" in London; or that he belonged to Alderman ——— long before he was caught.

16. (T.)

Dinner-parties, and other convivial meetings wholly out of the question; your *room* being of such dimensions as to be already overstowed by your own small family—to say nothing of innumerable other limitations as to number of servants, — table apparatus, — choice and quality of dishes, &c.

17. (T.)

Going to bed broad awake, in perfect health, between 9 and 10 o'clock, because your friends are invalids, or valetudinarians; or because you must all get up to be thrown into the sea soon after daybreak.

Mrs. Tes. Fiddle-stick!—

18. (Mrs. T.)

In walking on the cliff—to be frightened to death twenty times in the course of your walk, by the heroic frolics of the young men of your party, who make a rule of approaching nearer to the precipice, the more loudly you scream out your intreaties that they would keep away.'

19. (T.)

At Brighton—the inter-regnum made in the little enjoyment the place affords, by the absence of its principal inhabitant; an interval which, by a sort of general agreement, is to be respectfully filled with an extra-portion of ennui.

20. (T.)

At the same place—dragging one leg after the other up and down the Stein as long as you can stand, because other people drag theirs in like manner—because *exercise* is good after bathing—because you *may* spy out the face of an old acquaintance among your fellow-prisoners—and because, bad as it all is, any thing is better than returning through the narrow dirty alleys, to the blank room of your hovel in the suburbs, for the purpose of gaping over a bad novel during the rest of the day.

21. (T.)

At a forlorn Bathing-place—listlessly wandering from one poor shop to another, with an indeterminate desire to purchase *something*, just by way of seeming to yourself to be alive; and finding yourself in the dilemma of keeping your money burning in your pocket, or of buying a variety of articles, which you *could* not want, even if they were worth a half-penny.

Ned Tes. I'll tell you what I did with *my* money, father.

Tes. I won't hear what you did with your money, *son*.

22. (T.)

By command of your physician, adding the chance of being frozen to that of being smothered, by protracting your daily dip, deep into November, because, just as the frosty mornings are setting in, you have unfortunately happened to recover strength enough to undergo an increased quantity of plunges.

23. (T.)

In the absolute famine of all mental entertainment which distinguishes these places—standing by to see two Asses on the backs of two others, trying

which of the latter can be thumped over most inches of ground at a *heat*—or another party of the same kind running (or rather shuffling) races, with a sack for a surtout—others again, (and these of the higher order of two-legged Donkies) outvying one another in dispensing with one leg in leaping, with other such feats of distorted dexterity.

24. (T.)

The diversion of *Hunting* in the vicinity of the sea —with the constant chance of taking one flying leap which you have never yet tried, and which you would certainly never have an opportunity of trying again; I mean—over the cliff!

Ned Tes. This would be a very effectual method of "running down" the fox, however, father.

25. (T.)

Fishing, a few miles out at sea, in what is called a mackarel gale.

Ned Tes. Very generous, though—as it is giving the fish at least as good a chance for *your* life, as they give you for theirs.

26. (T.)

Musing along, between the sea and the foot of the cliff, till suddenly reminded by a billow which nearly reaches you, on the return of the tide, that it is time for *you* to think of returning too, which, though completely worn out already, you are obliged to attempt at full speed, till compelled at last to slacken your motions, (just when you are most desirous of quickening them,) by the difficulty of fighting your way through the waves.

Ned Tes. I have a fancy, though, Sir, that this would not make a bad change.

Tes. What are you at now, sirrah?

Ned Tes. Why, when Donky-races begin to flag, a couple of good runners might make a bet which could get out of the reach of the tide soonest; and they might call the fun "running against Neptune."

27. (T.)

Suddenly discovering that the wind has mistaken the awning of your machine for a sail, and that you are, in consequence, in great danger of going to sea, without having laid in a stock for the voyage.

28. (T.)

Riding a horse of a very animated character down to the beach, for the purpose of making him acquainted with the sea—an introduction, however, which he plainly intimates with his eyes, ears, and nostrils, that he could readily have dispensed with; till, disliking his rider at last, much as, at first, he disliked the water, he insists upon your dismounting abruptly—shewing you, nevertheless, so much charity as to break your fall, by depositing you in a rolling wave.

29. (T.)

In riding on the Sussex downs—suddenly finding yourself buried in the involuntary retirement of a *sea-fog*, which faithfully attends you till you have wandered twenty miles from your house, and then leaves you to your own reflections, which are immediately employed upon the party of friends whom you had invited to dinner, and who, you well know, must, long ere this time, have been lost in such another fog of anxious wonder and conjecture.

30. (T.)

On the morning after entering your name in the book of arrivals—perceiving with astonishment that, wherever you appear, you are the mark of general whispers, accompanied with a sort of

curiosity equally pointed and unflattering; till at the moment of your departure, the mystery is unveiled by the casual discovery of the truth; viz. that you are indebted for this singular reception to the accident of bearing both the Christian and sirname of the most notorious Swindler in England.

Mrs. Tes. Do you mean to say nothing of a *Ball* at one of these pretty places?—*I* must, then:

31. (Mrs. T.)

Jumbling in a post-chaise, full-dressed, on a dark, wet night, from Ramsgate or Broadstairs, to the Margate assembly, with the chance of a haberdasher's apprentice for your partner when you arrive. When you can bear the heat and hubbub no longer,—home again, (if you can find your vehicle and—your way) with less light, and more rain, than before.

32. (Mrs. T.)

To keep your finger in practice, during your long absence from home, sitting down, day after day, to an hired piano-forte—*i. e.* a strung tub, which has not been disturbed since it first came from the hands of the maker:—no tuner.

33. (T.)

The drowsiness brought on by bathing, ingrafted upon the natural dulness of the place.

Tes. So much for the charms of *the Coast!* —However a Watering Place does not want the help of the sea to make it execrable; the *inland* Spa is not a jot behind the Fishing-town in the article of tortures:—what think you, for instance, of the relish of the *Harrowgate Waters*, which, in exchange for your complaints, (if perchance they remove them,) poisons your palate for a month, and your imagination for life?—But I shan't be at the trouble of stopping at Buxton, Cheltenham, and Tunbridge Wells, &c. &c. one by one, but go at once to the grand Head Quarters of Misery, under the cheating names of health and pleasure;—I need not say I mean

BATH,

with the felicities of which I shall finish my tour:—and first,

34. (T.)

Imposing on yourself all the general evils of living

in a great hospital, without the particular benefits of an invalid to plead in your excuse, or to soften your sufferings.

35. (T.)

The Recommendations of a public Lodging and Boarding-house—presenting, first, the wear and tear of your nerves from hearing "Mr. (Such a one's) Servant!" bawled through your ears from the bottom of the stairs at every half minute, from 7 in the morning till 12 at night;—2. the outer door of the house at all times hospitably left wide open;—3. the state of the stairs, incessantly trodden by the unscraped feet of half the town;—4. the motley-association, at the general dinner-table, of Irish captains, English gamesters, French prisoners, Scotch physicians, &c. &c.

Ned Tes. Why you lately said, father, that you liked to live in a storm.

Tes. Yes—and I hope *you* do; for I shall raise one about your ears, if you don't take care.

36. (T.)

In the course of your morning's saunter—walking side by side on the same pavement with Colliers' poneys, and consequently with Poneys' colliers,—blundering against, or stumbling over the wheeled

chairs of invalids—the loan of a bow (requiring prompt payment) from the Master of the Ceremonies twenty times in an hour, &c. &c.

37. (T.)

Pushing through that narrow defile, by men yclept Cock-lane; by gods—Union-passage.

38. (T.)

Toiling for hours together from one end of the Pump-room to the other, amidst the contending gabble of voices, and grunt of bassoons.—If you are for *the Waters*, taking them at the wrong hour, (or not even that, perhaps,) in consequence of following in the rear of hundreds who have seized all the passes before you.

39. (T.)

At the Libraries—getting at the news of the day by scraps and snatches, from the pompous and empty harangues of the Quidnuncs around you; as to the papers themselves, who can hope for a glimpse at them, while —— ——— is devouring one, bespeaking another, transferring a third to a friend, and pinning down a fourth with his elbow?

40. (T.)

In a Bath whirl-wind—the nozzle of the Circus-

bellows blowing you into the Crescent.—Item: going *up* Pulteney street, while the North Wind is going *down*.

41. (T.)

Your hack horse knocked up on Lansdown, long before you can reach the Monument; so that the charms of the Severn, and the Welsh hills, which had acted as a spur to *you* (though not to your steed) are to be taken on trust.

42. (T.)

A gallop on Claverton down—*paved*, as it has been for ages, with broken bottles—the benevolent legacy of a certain farmer to all future generations of the riding *gentry* from Bath.

But the great pride of the place is in what are emphatically called its *Amusements*;—how justly, I proceed to shew in the following hasty journal of a *Bath-week*, taken down on the spot, during my last visit to this Town of Towns!

43. (T.)

MONDAY.—Dined with the only sufferable set in the place,—and *accordingly*—party broken up, at the meridian of conviviality, by a *Rout*; or rather by a lame copy of the insipidities of London

which go under that name. Made my escape (if such it could be called) to a *Dress-ball*—alias a public parade of finery, dullness, and etiquette. Condemned to sit out at least fifty minuets, all stalked to the same time; the *gentleman* (whom I need not point out) being one and individual throughout. At last, however, came the great treat of the evening—Country-dances; performed (not *upon*—that would have afforded some sport—but *between*) two ropes, half a mile long!—Lastly—as if all this were not enough—I was pressed by a party of restless Misses, two or three times in the course of the night, to take "*the grand tour*" with them; when I had already seen ten times more than I liked, from my own (comparatively) quiet corner.

Ned Tes. (aside.) He little thinks that this was a plot which had been laid against him a whole week before.

Very convenient though, those ropes, father, for the *desponding* part of the company, already sinking under the entertainments of the evening.

44. (T.)

TUESDAY.—After the usual diversity of morning enjoyments—*Rout* again!—Found my economy in playing a shilling-rubber severely punished by

the situation of the table, viz. at the very bottom of the room; — your gradations of comfortable accommodation at a Bath party, rising or falling in the exact ratio of your stake.

Ned Tes. And yet, father, the heat of a crowded room must have been considerably assuaged by the door, in the capacity of a fan, incessantly playing on your neck!

Tes. What are you prating about, Sirrah? —It is well I am too busy to mind you; nay, even when I do chance to listen to you, you take good care, with that slovenly pronunciation of yours, that I should not catch above one word in ten.—The only thing I can find to commend in you is that (by dint of pretty good discipline, indeed, on my part,) you have pretty well got rid of your quoting tricks, which you took up, I suppose, to shew how well read you were in the Eton Grammar.

45. (T.)

WEDNESDAY. *The Concert.*—Sat two hours in cold, silence, and darkness, by way of securing a place—*i. e.* an opportunity of estimating the inferiority of Bath to London, in the harmonic department. On the precious Concert-night, you must

know, I had stood, almost the whole evening; till, at length, I had the good luck to find a vacant seat, immediately under a huge chandelier!—*Mem:* my new black coat presently turned to grey by the tears of the candles.

46. (T.)

THURSDAY. *Fancy*-Ball.—The *name!* if that were all—but no—the *thing* was a thousand time worse still, consisting chiefly in seeing clusters of full grown candidates for cotillons drilled into the figure for an hour at least, before the *jumping* began—and proving an awkward squad at last.

47. (T.)

FRIDAY. Carried by mistake to a wrong party—which, I conclude, happens always, every house in every street being a fac-simile of its neighbour. N. B. Did not scent the blunder, till I had been gaping and fuming for half an hour from room to room, like a stray Chinese in the streets of London, and found myself received, on all sides, with a dumb stare, instead of a speaking smile.

48. (T.)

SATURDAY. *The Play.* Saw a parcel of raw recruits for the stage, making the experiment (at

my expense) whether they had any chance of ever being fit to be seen on the London boards.—On flinging out of the house, in the heaviest storm that ever fell—gave up one chair to this Lady, because she was old; another to that, because she was young; a third to one man, because he was weak, and ought to have it; and a fourth to another man, because he was strong, and would have it.—As to the latter gentleman, however, I pretty effectually settled his pretensions next morning, in King's-mead-fields, on a plan that brought our forces rather more upon the square.

Ned Tes. And yet, father, such a brilliant display of humanity, politeness, gallantry, and courage, as you made upon this occasion ——

Tes. And so there is Bath for you!—I should just like to shew its Lions to an inhabitant of another planet; and watch his looks while I told him that this is universally looked upon as a sort of suburban Paradise to London—and then give him a taste of the Metropolitan Paradise itself. And so now, you who are all for Watering Places, take your choice between the wet and the dry ones:—

some, perhaps, may like best to be drowned, and others have a fancy to be poisoned.—O rare sport!—and yet, as I said before, Health and Pleasure are the prizes which they hold out to be scrambled for at these Heavens upon Earth:—as for myself, if there is no other method of getting at these blessings, I shall beg leave to continue sick and sorry at my own house; giving up Bath, Brighton, Margate, &c. &c. with all that belongs to them, to fools and fishermen.

Talking of pleasure, by the bye—son Ned, have you heard lately, pray, from your gadding sister Deborah? and does she say whether she is yet condescending to think of coming home?

Ned Tes. O no, Sir; I did not expect her to talk of that for at least a month to come.

Tes. You did not, you dog!—why then *I* do—and so take pen, ink, and paper, this moment, and order her to set off as soon as she gets your letter:—you'll tell me, perhaps, that *she* does not expect that neither!—Yes, yes; its quite time to take her out of the protection of her fine friend, Lady Bab. Dash,

who seems to be giving her such a taste for *high life*, as they call it, that when she comes back, she'll look upon her Father and Mother as plain Darby and Joan, and her brothers and sisters as a parcel of cottager's children.

Ned Tes. And if she should, Sir, I should suppose that, with all your aversion to the fashionable world, you would thank her for the compliment, as implying the strongest contrast between our manners and theirs.

Tes. Are you in jest or earnest, you dog? —make haste, that I may know whether I am to pat you on the back, or knock you down.

Ned Tes. O then in earnest, Sir, by all means.

Tes. Come, come, sirrah! no more prating, but sit down to your letter.—When Debby *does* come back, she shall undergo a pretty severe inquisition into her late life and habits, I can tell her; and if I'm not satisfied with every article of her confession, she shall make shirts and puddings, under he mother's eye, for the rest of her life. I strongly suspect that her account of herself will furnish out a few "Miseries of Fashionable Life;" so

hold yourself ready, Ned, for another summons. But now, to your letter, this moment, Sir; it won't take you very long to write it, as you have only to say "Come back instantly,"—and then bring the order, as usual, for my signature.

DIALOGUE THE FIFTEENTH.

MISERIES OF FASHIONALE LIFE.

Testy Senior and Junior.

Testy.

O THE baggage!—just as I thought—she's so full of Fête, and Pic-nic, and Opera, and Grosvenor Square, and Lady Bab. and all the rest of it, that it will cost me a twelvemonth at least to break her in to a house at Highgate, and the homespun ways of its inhabitants. Well, well!—if she likes a little gentle coercion, that's her own affair;—as for me, I like, as I have often said, to feel my blood circulate, and I find nothing better for that than a good warm contest (no matter about what), especially when I am sure of victory in the end.

Ned Tes. Since that's the case, father, its a

pity that you don't prolong your pleasure by a little manœuvring; for, if I may dare to say so, there's so much of the "veni, vidi, vici" in your skirmishes with your own family, that we are generally obliged to sound a retreat without striking a blow.

Tes. O, no fear on that score!—if you do fly, you have all learned the Parthian trick of shooting behind you, and keep rising again as fast as you are got under, like a nest of troublesome young rebels as you are—so that I am never long out of action.—As to Debby, I shall have tough work with her, I see that plain enough. She has now been at home almost a fortnight, and thus far, continues as restive as ever. The little jade had always a trick of being absent in company—but now, I observe, she never chooses to be present. Her thoughts are eternally rambling among her late fine companions, and she seldom seems to know exactly whom she is speaking to. She'll address her plain housewifely mother, twenty times in a day, as *Lady Bab*. A day or two ago, she asked her, with a quizzing glass at her eye, when it would be her turn to hold the Ladies' Concert.—At dinner,—having very seldom, *now*, any appetite

—she'll send away her plate, with a wholesome slice of the family-joint upon it, saying at the same time, with a careless air, "I shall wait for the *game*, I think!"—And *so* the saucy minx goes on. O I shall have fine work with her, that's evident, in fetching out the high varnish they have been laying on upon her old habits and manners for the last five months: when once I've got it clean off, though, let her contrive another opportunity of getting it on again if she can.—However, I have already, as I threatened, slily drawn out of her a good fund of materials for the new class of "Miseries" I talked of, which I afterwards put into words as well as I could.—Here they are:—as to those that belong to her friends the *Puppies*, as she could not be supposed to be very deep in these, I made her write, under my own eye, to an exquisite gentleman, called Sir Harry Neville, one of her late junto, requesting him to throw together, in his own pick-tooth way, a few Bond-street bores, upon the same plan. *He*, however, all in proper character, proved an easy, idle dog, and could not, of course, support the toil of putting down more than the few that you'll hear with his name to them.

—Ha!—blockhead!—what are you at now? —strutting about the room, brandishing your arms and legs, and spouting to yourself, like a mad stroller, as if you had not heard a syllable I have been saying for the last half hour. Do you know where you are, sirrah, and why you are where you are?

Ned Tes. Sir, I was only imagining to myself a few of the "Bond-street bores" you were talking of, and putting myself into some of the attitudes which it struck me that so fine a gentleman as Sir Harry would have played off in delivering his Groans—that's all, Sir.

Tes. And enough too, Sir — this you call listening to me, do you?—Give me your ear, you crack-brained dog! or I'll *take* it—and if it should come off in my finger and thumb, there will be no great loss, for any use you seem to have for it.—O that runaway rascal, Sensitive!—*He* had an ear and a tongue too for this sort of business—but let him go and be—*happy!*——NED!

GROAN 1. (Sir Harry Neville.)

At a July party—to be locked up in the very heart of the most crowded of all the rooms, by that elegant jam of human kind which constitutes the

great charm of your torments—closely bounded, at your right, left, front, and rear, by a *quaternion* of dull Dowagers, for whose ears you have to furnish nonsense in rotation, during the whole term of your confinement; and this while you are doubly tantalized,—first, by catching an occasional glimpse of your Inamorata at an inaccessibledistance; next, by seeing various salvers of cooling refreshments perpetually coasting round the mass of company, of which you, in all the rage of heat, thirst, and vexation, are the motionless centre. To complete your destruction, not only is every window hermetically sealed down, but, in compassion to the bones of a few crazy Countesses, there is a blazing fire—your only support under this high state of mental fever, and bodily fusion, being that you *must* undergo it every night.

2. (Miss D. T.)

When, to recruit a wasting purse, you have turned all your diamonds into paste, encouraged by the promise of another hampered Duchess to follow your example—to see that Duchess come glittering into the Circle, in the full blaze of genuine jewels, which a happy reverse of fortune had since enabled her to retain, and which are far too dear to her vanity to be sacrificed to her compact.

3. (D. T.)

On *your* night for the Ladies' Concert, after screwing up expectation to its highest pitch—to find yourself fobbed off with *one Leander*—a *Gow* or two failing you—Signora C—— or Mrs. B—— taken hoarse or capricious, &c. &c. till you are almost entirely reduced to Dilletanti Musicians.

4. (D. T.)

After having put yourself in training for a Birth-night ball, by swimming or capering for a month together through every step of every dance of every nation, during the greater part of every day, and at length eagerly standing up in your place to bear away the prize of grace and agility from the most illustrious of the graceful and agile,—*the Cramp!*

Tes. As I understand, however, there is seldom any occasion for *this* check to the Lady's triumph; since, between the cram of couples, and the press of spectators upon this fine occasion, if she can but safely wedge or sidle her way from the top of the room to the bottom, she may be very well satisfied.—Dance, indeed!—do oysters dance in their barrels, or prunellas in their boxes?

5. (D. T.)

Losing yourself in the labyrinth of titles and genealogies, in which, though you have neither genius nor inclination for the study, it is absolutely necessary to your reputation in *the Circle* that you be a perfect adept, and able, at a moment's notice, to trace every noble marriage and inter-marriage through all its intricacies, nay, to quarter and counter-quarter the arms, and escutcheons of every fresh couple, as fast as they are paired—though they frequently seem to come together for no other purpose than that of inextricably entangling the line (or rather *mesh*) of Pedigrees.

6. (Sir H.)

The awkward recollection which sometimes flits across you, as you are spiritedly staking a few loose thousands at a Faro-bank—paying for half a dozen chef-d'œuvres at a picture-sale—replenishing the purse of your chere amie, &c. &c.—that you are, at the same time, throwing a harmless Shop-keeper into a jail for life, breaking his wife's heart, and starving all his children.

7. (D. T.)

Your own maid suddenly found to be missing, before the business of the Toilette is quite accomplished; so that you are obliged, for the first time

in your life, to try to clasp your own necklace, hook on your own ear-rings, nay, perhaps, take up your own fan!

8. (D. T.)

On your own night of being "at home," the counter-attraction of a rival party operating so powerfully against you, that your visitors are barely numerous enough to stuff your suite of rooms—leaving the *stair-case* almost entirely unpeopled.

9. (D. T.)

The joys of a Fete champètre!—After you have duly crowded all your walks, lawns, and shrubberies, with more company, and covered your tables with more delicacies, than either can conveniently hold — the whole apparatus of enchantment, (including all the "Rank, Beauty, and Fashion" which go into the composition,) washed away in an instant by an unpolite deluge of rain.

10. (D. T.)

The laborious necessity of going every night, for four or five months in the year, to see (and barely to see) your *friends*, at full speed, between the hours of 10 at night, and 5 or 6 the next morning—the humour of the thing lying altogether in being able to count over upon your fingers a greater number of drawing-rooms into which you can

prove that you have popped, in the above interval, than the rest of their Graces and their Ladyships can do.

So that, properly considered, this contest of visits, resolves itself into a mere horse-race!

11. (D. T.)

At one of Philips's auctions of bijoux—after you have nodded for a knick-knack, which he is in the act of sweetly tapping down to you—to be outbidden by that odious Mrs. *Toplady*.

12. (D. T.)

After the opera—your carriage having been mutilated in the wars of the coachmen, and all your friends having driven away—the hideous possibility of being reduced to steal off in that grave of delicacy, an hackney-coach!

13. (D. T.)

On crawling down to the breakfast-room, with a gambling head-ache upon you already, encountering the figure of—your h—sb—nd!

14. (D. T.)

The inter-regnum between said breakfast, and the sound of the first rap.

15. (D. T.)

A practical hint afforded by the daughter, as she is "coming out," that it is time for Mamma to think of *going in.*

Ned Tes. What's "coming out," father?

16. (D. T.)

Going, with ardent expectations, to a Pic-nic; and finding that, from some sudden capriccio in the decrees of fashion, there is no *nic* to *pick.*

17. (D. T.)

At a ball—after triumphantly leading the field, during the greater part of the sport,—to be thrown out by the unexpected entrance of some lofty Puss, who is your senior in the Court Calendar, though your junior in the Parish Register.

18. (D. T.)

Being familiarly *abordèe,* at a public place, by a set of rural (not to say rustic) acquaintances.

19. (D. T.)

At an Opera, or Ballet, which, through illness, you happen to have never seen,—the indispensible sacrifice of curiosity to glory, which obliges you to

keep your back almost constantly turned on the performance, to escape the suspicion of being interested (instead of being wearied out, as you ought to be,) by the twentieth repetition of the same spectacle.

20. (D. T.)

Whilst you are rolling, at the proper hour of the day, through the proper streets of the town, in your new carriage, with the equally malicious and delicious project of dazzling and mortifying every competitor,—to find, as you examine the passing equipages, that you are at least a fortnight behind the newest *Leader*.*

21. (D. T.)

On throwing yourself into your carriage at daybreak, after some long and fatiguing orgie, finding yourself vis-a-vis to *the* man, with the killing consciousness that the beams of the rising sun, by pointing at certain little derangements in the composition of your countenance, are gradually

* *Note by the Editor.* Be it here mentioned, for the benefit of the next, and all future generations, that about this time (1807) *Leader* was the only maker, in whose carriages the bones of the Beau Monde were considered as out of danger.

rectifying a few chronological errors in your own history, into which you had been leading him an hour before.

22. (D. T.)

The simper, without sympathy, which you have to keep up with a *Bourgeoise*, who is privileged by wealth, in defence of manners, to issue cards, and lose her money, to her superiors.

23. (D. T.)

Going to the Exhibition at so exquisitely late an hour, as, you fondly flatter yourself, will completely shelter you from the canaille;—till, on entering the Great Room, you split at once on the discovery that you have waited till the turn of the tide; all the people whom it is possible to look at having just retired, and left you gasping with horror, still more than fatigue, amidst a fry of wretches, who have shoaled (in after dinner!) from all the unheard-of holes of the City and Suburbs; a sort of creatures—O Milton help me to describe them! —whom

——————————"Nature breeds
Perverse; all monstrous, all prodigious *things*,
Unutterable, abominable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd."

Aye, aye—I like this very well: I'd have these fine ladies, with their "fashionable hours," sometimes feel that lateness and elegance don't always go together. I'd recommend them next to try the experiment upon Kensington Gardens on a Sunday evening, towards sunset.

24. (D. T.)

Going to St. James's Church (1807) in the fond hope of seeing a "charming man" in the pulpit, and finding only—an APOSTLE!

25. (D. T.)

A drive, in a piercing frost, to the Serpentine River,—where, after long endeavouring in vain to keep yourself warm with the expectation of seeing the skaiting Colonel—said Colonel *minus*.

26. (D. T.)

After impatiently ordering a dress, on the exact pattern of one which had drawn universal admiration on another lady—finding, when you have put it on, that, whether from a few awkward differences in person, age, or air, between yourself and your rival, or from whatever other cause, it does not tell, or only—*tells tales*.

27. (D. T.)

On the first night of a new Opera—which you please of the following "Sighs:"—dining at half past 5, nay 5 itself, that you may afterwards sit quietly till 8;—dining at your usual hour, but then instantly leaving the table after a hasty glass of wine taken standing;—staying for a few more glasses, with the sacrifice of as many of Catalani's best songs;—deferring your meal till after the opera, and so feasting two of your senses at the expense of a third;—or lastly (what is not to be thought of without a shudder) staying altogether away.

28. (D. T.)

A variety of tantalizing entertainments cruelly falling on the same night—so that for want of the convenient attribute of ubiquity, you are condemned to a sickly unsatisfied relish of the present object, by a tormenting anxiety to be in a dozen other places.

29. (D. T.)

In attiring yourself for a fête—your set of *dress teeth* mislaid.

30. (D. T.)

At the card-table, in a hum-drum house, at which you are sometimes condemned to murder an evening—playing for nothing, or almost nothing,

when accustomed to the animation of risking half your fortune. Also; before and after the yawning rubber is over, digging for conversation, without a single topic in common with your sober Hostess.

31. (Sir H.)

At Brookes's—in rising from the table after a whole night passed in losing one deep stake after another—the Sardonic grin which you feel to have substituted itself for the easy smile you intended.

32. (D. T.)

In ogling yourself, en passant, at a mirror, in a brilliant and crowded Ball-room, discovering that, in some unhappy moment of *egarement*, while dressing at a friend's house, you have used another Lady's complexion!

Ned Tes. What! do women of fashion sometimes flay one another alive, father?

33. (Sir H.)

In performing at a private theatre—finding yourself required by your author, in the course of your part, to fondle and adore a lady who, in real life, has excited many of your stronger passions, but—not love!

Ned Tes.

"For I'm as meek as any lamb—
"O I could tear your eyes out!"

34. (D. T.)

At a State Trial—after the delights of looking, and being looked at, have been well enjoyed,—after your curiosity with respect to the opening ceremonials, the bows of the Peers, the looks of the Culprit, &c. &c. has been fully satisfied—after the prosecutor, on his legs, has uttered the few first sentences of his speech, so as to shew you the nature of publick speaking—and lastly, after you have heard one witness examined.....the remainder of your time!

35. (D. T.)

The fashion of crying at a tragedy coming in again, just as you have found it absolutely necessary to re-create not only the roses, but the lilies of your complexion, every evening.

36. (D. T.)

The biting necessity of reducing yourself to less and less covering, in exact proportion as the winter is growing more and more severe.

37. (D. T.)

Trying in vain to shirk the consciousness that a dashing life does not answer; and that, after fighting for happiness up-hill for half the day, and all the night, you regularly end with losing the battle, and have no real satisfaction but in thinking of the hour when you shall be at liberty to lie down quietly, and try to sleep off your enjoyment.

Tes. Come—these are the most valuable Miseries after all; for, besides scourging the follies of fashion, they'll serve me as a rod over my own daughter. Yes—I shall get them framed and glazed, and so hang them up, in terrorem, over Miss Debby's toilette; that she mayn't be able to set her cap before the glass, without having a woman of fashion's *memento mori*, as I may call it, before her eyes.—Well but, heark'ee, Ned,—what! at your old game of antics again, you dog!—take care!—

Ned Tes. Sir, its Debby's fault:—I was only trying to toss and fidget as she will do, when she finds out the trick you are plotting against her.

Tes. Psha, blockhead!—Let Debby alone,

and mind *me*.—I had almost forgotten, I say, to produce one curious document which goes a great way towards shewing by what means the girl's brains have been taken out, and all this froth, and flutter, put in in their stead.—You have heard the few gay Groans which were sent by Sir H. but it slipped my memory to add at the same time that I was cunning enough to suspect that his letter might possibly contain more than was asked for; and so I stole in upon her just as she was opening it, and suddenly stopped it on its way into her bosom:—here it is:—the first part of its contents we have already disposed of—now then, for the remainder, consisting of a long list of "secret articles." The proper title to them would have been "a Key to Female Absurdity;" but the brazen Jackanapes has chosen to think "*a Key to Female* PERFECTION" is a more suitable description of his performance. It is, in plain truth, nothing more nor less than a finished system of affectation laid down by rules.—The varlet, I'm afraid, has thoughts of circulating the mischief by publishing his impudent code; for he has actually dared to usher it in with the mock-dignity of a motto and preface.—O that I

had him here! I'd make the rogue read it himself, and so keep commenting with my cudgel upon every precept as he went on.—As that is not my good luck, I must, if possible, fight through it myself. (*Tes. begins reading "A Key, &c.;" but immediately throws down the paper in a rage; then, after a volley of oaths,*) Take it up, Ned; as I can't endure to read it, let me try whether I can hear it.

Ned Tes. Yes, father;—but before I begin, I hope you'll just indulge me by laying down the *pen*, with which you just now talked of writing your commentaries, for fear of any little mistake which you might commit, in the warmth of your feelings, between the Author and the Reader.—Thank you, Sir, for throwing it so far off. (*Ned Tes. here reads a few lines aloud.*)

Tes. Hold your tongue, you dog!—stop, I tell you!—it won't do, I find;—my nerves (begging Sensitive's pardon) can't bear a second dose of it so soon, and so I shall go out, and try to walk off the effects of the first.—Go over it yourself, however, in my absence, that you may be able to give me a little help in badgering Debby, as often as the *fine* fit comes upon her. (*Exit.—Ned reads:*)

A KEY TO FEMALE PERFECTION.

"Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
"Their happy spots the nice admirer take."

Pope.

TO THE LADIES.

To the experienced part of my fair readers —those, I mean, who have already studied with success the arts by which the female empire is established — no information is here proposed; yet it cannot but crown the pleasure which their numerous conquests have already afforded them, to receive this attestation of their triumph.

But by those amongst you whom youth or inexperience only have hitherto detained from the field, and who, with hearts ardent for victory, wait but for arms to rush upon the foe, my present will, I hope, be received with gratitude proportioned to its value; while its merit will be enhanced in the eyes of such of

you as shall consider that, with a disinterestedness almost unexampled, I have furnished the fair enemy with weapons of the most irresistible temper, to no other end than that myself and my devoted brethren may fall a passive and defenceless sacrifice.

The arts of affectation are generally condemned only because generally practised without skill; but I here undertake to shew that such branches of it as most naturally comport with your usual habits, and as are least liable to detection, will render you additionally victorious.

1.

If you play at cards, abstain, as much as may be, from the game of Whist, which, without great care, *may* engender a manly solidity of understanding—not to mention the *lines* which the attention necessary to this game may impress on your countenance: games of chance, and such as do not exclude casual sallies of elegant mirth, are alone admissible.—Avoid *Chess*, as you would a tyger or a serpent.

2.

Be distinguished for the quantity, and exquisite quality, of the perfumes you make use of; and

which we are ever indulgently ready to consider as *native.*

3.

Be shy of wearing stays, unless you are (and then let vinegar be your constant drink) of a c—p—l—t habit. Stays are hostile to those furtive undulations which are so contributory to female successes.

4.

Never be heard to speak otherwise than with the most consummate apathy, of any food whatever, and never drink beer.

5.

By the foregoing rule you will easily perceive that at meals you are to take as little as possible—even less than is necessary for the support of nature.—Turtle and venison feasts, and all other epicurean meetings are to be mentioned with a delicate horror and disgust.

6.

If the preceding regulation admit of any exception, it must be in favour of such feminine bon-bons as sweet-meats, rout-cakes, and the choicer kinds of fruit.

7.

Express the utmost igno ance when any question relating to *the City* is started :—of course maintain no intercourse on the wrong side of Temple-Bar.

8.

Repair to a dictionary when you hear of *pattens.*

9.

The extremities—nay even the approaches—of heat and cold are to be utterly insupportable.

10.

Contrive to stumble frequently in walking; it may give rise to an elegant disorder, and recovery, besides exhibiting a proof of your *weakness.* Much fatigue will be necessary after a walk exceeding the space of half a mile.

11.

The frequent use of a screen, though you be far distant from the fire, will give an interesting intimation of the delicacy of your skin.

12.

I would not offend you by more than a hint at the crying necessity of being all but stark blind.

13.

Frailty of memory, if not natural, must be acquired. Names of unusual length, or difficulty, will naturally burthen your recollection: this genuine forgetfulness is to be artificially protracted, a degree of *mental* weakness very happily harmonizing with that of the *body* already inculcated. I add that a treacherous memory exhibits to no small advantage a delicate hand hurried with agitation across the forehead: the brow, too, on this occasion, is to be knit into a gentle distortion, and the whole frame must display a succession of enchantingly vexatious gestures, until it be at length found convenient to recover, or give up, the long lost name, or fact.

14.

A readiness at solving riddles and enigmas should be studiously cultivated, this being a natural emanation from that peculiar brilliancy and vivacity of apprehension by which your sex is distinguished.

15.

To receive a compliment without embarrassment, as if you were long and perfectly accustomed to such a tribute, is an essential point of attainment.

16.

Certain romantic and spirited flights of fancy (*ad libitum*) should frequently be indulged, especially when they can be used as a foil to the grave and forbidding solemnity of a Prude.

17.

With respect to your general carriage and attitude, adopt a well considered lounge, such as may temper the severe symmetry of your figure with a seducing negligence.

18.

Be never chargeable with laughter, but spare not animated smiles.

19.

Certain little imperfections in speech and pronunciation are considered as blemishes only by the phlegmatic and the undiscerning: the pains you may employ in the acquisition of such defects, will be amply rewarded.—At the head of these, I place *the lisp*.

20.

Your hand-writing should be rather elegant than legible; the letters being delicately, and as it were accidentally, dropped from the pen—a perfection to which the use of crow-quills will very powerfully contribute.

21.

A perfect knowledge of the French (I had almost added, of the *Italian*) tongue, for the particular purpose of appositely introducing its more delicate and expressive phrases, constitutes no light part of female education.

22.

Cowardice is absolutely indispensible. To turn pale (perhaps leave the room) at a bare allusion to a robbery committed at any distance of time, or place, —to scream at the report of a gun however remote, or the sight of a pistol known to be unloaded— are recommendations in which the most unpractised candidate for female honours is seldom deficient.

23.

Continual health, which is but too often attended by strength, and perhaps by boldness, is by no means eligible. Nervous complaints, in all their Protean varieties, and the more interesting classes of head-ache, should be frequent.

24.

Be well acquainted with no species of needle-work, unless I should except Tambour and Netting.

25.

It were a waste of time to insist upon your total ignorance of all those housewifely and economical accomplishments which were the disgrace of your great grand-mothers.

26.

Be it your care to have, as your constant companion, and bosom-favourite, a French lap-dog, or Italian grey-hound, together with a Canary, or some other singing-bird, for each of whom your tears if hurt, swoonings if killed, and playful endearments when in health and safety, will draw impassioned attention.

27.

Neglect not to appear at the most *authentic* Watering places in the season; if for the recruit of languor, the better; as it is giving a public testimony of the possession of a quality which can never be too often, or too solemnly enforced—I mean *weakness*.

28.

Be it never forgotten that your powers of conquest are not to be more fatally shaken, than when you mix, however slightly, in a political debate. It may be doubted whether you can justifiably be

acquainted even with any passing event of this nature, short of actual Invasion.

29.

Your excellencies were never more advantageously displayed than at the tea-table: on this occasion a beautiful hand and arm were incessantly before our eyes in graceful motion; while the fair Circe was incurring no suspicion of design. It was here that, as in your native element, you captivated us, beyond recovery, by the exquisite trifles that escaped you, and by that fascinating versatility of talent by which you were enabled to distribute cups, and steal hearts, at the same instant, without labour, or distraction.—Why, alas! is the Tea-table no more?

30.

When in the country, let the culture of flowers occupy a part of your time, with such other employments as need no bodily exertion whatever.

31.

If your Papa should keep cows, let a sudden pastoral whim occasionally induce you to dazzle the Dowdies by milking one or two of them:—but not without betraying symptoms of becoming fear at the "great frightful creatures," as you may call them.

32.

Be a promoter of such casual and irregular freaks as erecting a swing in a barn, or abruptly proposing to a company to stand up and dance, though no music be within reach, and though the greatest number of couples, in default of dancers, consist of chairs.

33.

When there is occasion to speak in general terms of the male sex, be not afraid of offending us by such appellations as "the He-creatures," "the Toads," "the Monsters," "the Wretches,"—with other the like flattering terms of abuse.

34.

You appear to great advantage when you skilfully handle an infant, and prattle to it with an enchanting volubility of nothingness; which cannot, however, be of long duration, on account of the strength of arm requisite for the continual support of its weight.

35.

Consider it as being of the last importance to entertain some favorite antipathy, whether to a worm, a frog, a spider, or any other insect or reptile, (provided only that it be utterly harmless,)

by which you may be able to prove your timidity at a moment's warning.

36.

Be seized occasionally with a fit of melancholy, accompanied with a certain elegant languor:—this will have a powerful effect, when contrasted with your usual volatility and giddiness; it will also evince the tenderness and delicacy of your feelings, without which, your gaiety might appear the effect of insensibility.

37.

There is a captivating method, more easily conceived than described, of appearing inattentive and uninterested when literature, politics, antiquities, and other such masculine subjects are canvassed, and of gaily and suddenly interrupting them by starting lighter topics.

38.

The lectures at the Royal Institution, however, are to be sedulously attended, and I have here particularly in view such of them as are of a more austere and philosophical character; during which your total and conspicuous inattention from beginning to end (attested by incessant loquacity) will serve to wipe off any malicious aspersions, should you at some unlucky moment have been

surprised with a profound, or even too rational, volume in your hands.

39.

Let no opportunity escape you of quizzing such good sort of people as "love to indulge themselves now and then" in a game of Pope Joan, and who take delight in that hackneyed routine of practical wit, familiarly termed "Christmas gambols."

40.

Let no contingency, however urgent, prevail with you to enter that contaminating vehicle called a Stage-coach.

41.

The smell of an onion must excite emotions of strong and visible disgust: as for its taste, your opinion of it is to be founded solely on *report*.

42.

Your models of imitation in Clarissa, Grandison, Pamela, Eloisa, Cecilia, Caroline of Litchfield, &c. are to be, not the respective heroines of these novels, but Miss Howe—Lady G.—the Countess—Clara—Lady Honoria Pemberton—Matilda, &c. for, if you have not *etourderie*, you have nothing.

43.

Your interest as a Toast demands your occasional presence at a Horse-race, a Cricket-match, and a Review. These scenes, by the manly exertions they exhibit, afford a bold relief to those cardinal allurements, bodily and mental weakness. —In the intervals of your terror, there is likewise much room for the display of a variety of nameless and bewitching frivolities, which are never more apropos than on these occasions.

44.

I have already hinted that your literary attainments are to be drawn within a very narrow compass. Geography, and Chronology, persons and facts, may be well wholly unknown, but still better confounded.

45.

Opportunities of forming parties on the water should never be neglected. It is needless to observe that, during your continuance on this treacherous element, every ripple is to be magnified into a billow, and every Zephyr into a Boreas. The words and gestures to be played off on this occasion are far too numerous and diversified to be capable of a particular definition or enumeration. With a caution, therefore, against an intemperate use of

the *Hydrophobia*, minute circumstances are left at the discretion of the fair Apprehensive.

46.

Riding on horseback is advisable on two accounts; first as an Habit will vary the charms of your person; secondly, and chiefly, because you cannot have a finer opportunity of rehearsing your little fears and terrors, under all their fanciful and fascinating forms.

47.

Be the first to discover an unfragrant smell, to quit the room when the chimney smokes, to start at any sudden, uncommon, or terrifying noises, &c.

48.

Enter as largely as circumstances will permit, into a diversion which I grieve to observe is rapidly passing into disuse—I mean *Archery;* an exercise which will very signally display your bodily weakness; besides that the hurts inflicted on your tender fingers by the friction of the bow-string, will kindle compassionate ardours in your male competitors.

With respect to the *exertion* required by the sport, I know not whether (even with the most favorable allowance of distance) your arrow

should not always fall at least ten yards short of the mark.

49.

I have known a powerful effect produced by a Charmer, who, having some fatal occasion to allude to an *hackney-coach*, and being, of course, unable to understand its nature, or at least to pronounce its name, has *escaped* by describing it as "one of those *numbered* carriages that one sees standing still in the middle of the street."

50.

I shall conclude with a warning which can never be too seriously taken to heart; a warning which cannot be infringed without absolutely annihilating the effect of every other charm, whether of art or nature:—keep your nose in the profoundest ignorance of SNUFF, until you have passed your grand climacteric.

(*Soon after Ned has finished Testy returns.*)

Tes. Well, sirrah! you have got through it, I suppose;—none of *your* remarks, though!—

A most hopeful Mentor to the Misses, by Jupiter;—well, well—I think of being in St. James's street tomorrow morning, and, as I shall most likely meet with my young author

in the Lounge, I'll take care (*shaking his stick*) to *correct his sheets* for him on the spot! and the Printer (if I can ferret him out) into the bargain — and what are these *Printers' Devils* that I hear of?—if any of them, or their Imps should come across me while my hand is in, I shall be tempted to give them a few swings by the tail, or perhaps knock off an odd horn or so, before they are thinking of me.—So—all that's settled.—And now, as to the grand concern which has so long kept me at work, that seems, for the present, settled too:—I mean that yon Deserter and I may now be said to have travelled over, between, us, what he used to call "The Empire of Misery"—

Ned Tes. I'm sorry for you, Sir; you ought now to fall a crying, like Alexander, for want of new worlds to conquer——

Tes. No, no—that's not exactly my temper. However I resemble him pretty closely in one thing; and that is, that I can't sit idle, even when I seem to have done all my work.—I'm like the retired Tallow-Chandler, I think;—I must be peeping in again upon the shop on *Melting-days*.—But the truth is, luckily (or unluckily) for me, that my work is *not* yet done;

for though we have gallopped over a great part of the aforesaid Demesnes of Misery, I did'nt mean that we had spied out every hole and hovel to be found in them; so I shall follow my delicious rambles, till not an inch of Terra Incognita is left for future discoverers.—As for you, Ned, by the time I have sweated through this long pilgrimage, I hope I shall begin to reap some fruits of the pains I have been taking with that impracticable piece of stuff, *your head*, ever since I have been hammering at it. However, as I find I am getting a little tired of you, I shall now let you loose, for the present; but remember you are only a tenant at will of your new liberty, and take notice that you will be wanted again as soon as I have collected matter enough for another meeting. In the mean time, pack up your portmanteau, and go and see the world.

Ned Tes. With all my heart, father: especially as, since you took me away from Eton, I have seen no more of it than I could command from the different windows of this house.

Tes. Mind this, though—if you don't see it through the spectacles which I have been so long trying to fit upon that awkward nose

of yours, why—you are no son of mine, that's all.

Ned Tes. Very well, Sir; I hope, then, I shall *succeed* in *failing* of a pleasant journey: —but no fear of that,—eh, father?

"Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"

Good bye, Sir;—Misery for ever!

Tes. Aye, aye—stick to that, sirrah; and above all, in the course of your rambles, 'ware Sensitive!—if I hear that you have ever exchanged one word with that Renegado, you shall never exchange another with *me*—that's all.

DIALOGUE THE SIXTEENTH.

ADDITIONAL MISERIES OF THE COUNTRY, AND OF GAMES, SPORTS, &c.

Testy Senior and Junior.

Testy.

Out of my sight, sirrah!—A fellow that does not know joy from sorrow is not fit to be spoken with.

Ned Tes. Pray forgive me, father; I'd fain be a wretch if I could; I have tried hard for it, but if I *can't* see the advantage of being distressed, how can I help it?—Besides, Sir, Mr. Sensitive———

Tes. Death, and fury!—why you hav'n't been to that——

Ned Tes. O dear, no, Sir!—but t'other day,

I just happened, by the merest chance, to stumble in his way, as it were, on the high road:—I hardly knew him at first; for, (would you believe it, Sir,) he was actually making himself so merry at some "Travelling Misery" that had just befallen him, that he could hardly sit his horse. When he had, with great difficulty, recovered a little composure, we naturally very soon fell upon *Misery;* when, after expatiating pretty severely upon his former follies, as he was pleased to term them, and describing himself as, at present, the happiest of mortals, he hinted to me that, if I pleased, he would tell me his secret.—I must own that, from an unaccountable sort of curiosity that seized me at the moment, I *did* accept his offer; when he told me that I had nothing to do but to learn the simple trick of shutting my eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, whenever I might find any inconvenience from their being open, and force myself to laugh, as often as I might be tempted to swear.—Suppose now, Sir, merely by way of seeing whether there is any thing in Mr. Sensitive's recipe or not, we were just to give it a trial;—"it can do no harm," as the old women say when

they press you with a nostrum, "if it does no good."

Tes. You are an old woman yourself, sirrah, for listening to such balderdash :—be that as it will, you shall not pester *me* with it at second hand—so hold your tongue, sirrah,—and take notice that if ever you "happen to stumble" upon that fellow again, *I* shall happen to turn you out of doors;—and as for your *advice*—I sent for you to learn of your father, not to teach him. Please to listen to *me* then, while I tell you a little truth, which you don't seem to have been lately in the habit of hearing. I will give you—though I'm a fool for my pains—however, I *will* give you one squeak more for your inheritance : but mark me well, you dog: if I find you continue as *obstinate* in this *yielding* disposition, after I've brought my new levies of Misery here into the field, as before, why you may look to Sensitive's Will for another shilling to chink with that which I shall cut you off with.—And now listen, rascal :—since I sent you out upon your hopeful travels, I have been every where over again : not a single class of the old "Miseries" that has not been put to another

trial, and here is a full report of the new proceedings, all ready for the Printer tomorrow morning.—Come then—none of your uncouth fits of distraction now!—we have a world of business to go through, and all at a single sitting;—for please to take notice that it *must* all be dispatched before we part, be that as late as it may. I have had quite enough of adjourning twenty times over upon a matter that may be settled at once; though I was formerly dolt enough to do it out of compliment to that blockhead's nerves. Besides—I've had trouble enough with you already; and if one sitting more, after so many as we have gone through, won't settle your principles for you, why you may well think I shan't allow you another in a hurry.

And so now for another touch at *the Country*, by way of a beginning.

Groan 1. (T.)

Learning to swim—*i. e.* being soused and smothered fifty times in a minute, with a view to acquiring the accomplishment of kicking and sprawling, like a frog (only not half so well) along the top of the water for a few yards, without going

to the bottom—accompanied by the perpetual probability of having your sport cut short for ever by a sudden call from the cramp.

2. (T.)

After having assembled a dinner-party on Michaelmas-day,—finding that the *fox* has taken upon him to execute the orders you had given with regard to *the goose.*

3. (T.)

Botanizing for aquatic plants before you are yet sufficiently *wrapped up* in the study to be secured from the consequences of cold and wet.

4. (T.)

In a country-house, at which you have no pasture for a cow—to be deafened by the lowings and mooings that constantly proceed from the adjoining farm-yard of one who takes in calves to suckle, and consequently has no milk to spare for "Christians."

5. (S.)

Just as you have comfortably established yourself in your new country residence, receiving a notice from your nose, on a sudden change of the wind, that you have one building in your neigh-

bourhood more than you had happened to observe —a brick-kiln!

Ned Tes. Very convenient though, Sir, in case you should wish to make any additions to your new house; and as to the smell, custom, you know———

6. (S.)

Residing at a country-town — (shall I stop there?)—next door to a quiet neighbour, whose dwelling is suddenly converted into an ale-house of the most *cheerful* description.

7. (S.)

Your study situated in the immediate vicinity of a threshing-floor; so that unless you can learn the trick of timing your thoughts to the thump of the flail, they are broken at every bang.

8. (T.)

The necessity of baking your own bread, at a place where you are frequently reduced to the choice of sour yeast, or none; the best side of the alternative leaving you to fight through a bad batch for a week.

Ned Tes. But then, father, your good batch, when you *do* get it, seems to have a better flavour than ever, by the rule of

"Sweet is pleasure after pain."

9. (S.)

Walking in Gardens laid out in the *ancient taste* —Parterres tortured into diagrams—spouting Lions —a mile's length of clipped Trees—Statues, with the air of petrified centinels, startling you at every corner—Fish-ponds as round as a wheel, the circle being struck from a perpendicular squirt of water in the centre—a parallelogram of stagnant water, ennobled by the name of "the Canal"—six or eight stages of ruled Terraces, suggesting the idea of a flight of rural steps for a retired Giant—a Summer-house with a yawning window at each of its four sides, to swallow in the sun-beams, from which it professes to protect you; &c. &c. &c.

10. (T.)

After inviting a very large party to dinner, a month before-hand—the weather, on the appointed day, proving so variable as to keep you, all the morning, incessantly vibrating from the window to the weather-glass, and from the weather-glass to the window:—then, sitting down at last alone, or tete-a-

tete with your wife, to a feast that would almost satisfy three or four Aldermen; or, (to speak rather more within compass) three or four dozen Gentlemen.

Ned Tes. All the better Sir;—the compliment is equally paid, and you save your provisons.

11. (T.)

After taking a few hundred acres of land into your own hands, discovering as you proceed, that the plan of blending the gentleman with the farmer, is perfectly compatible with loss—but not at all with gain.

Ned Tes. But then, Sir, what a consolation if must afford to a liberal mind that the neighbouring farmers are taking warning, at your expense, by all the blunders in husbandry which you have committed for their good!

12. (T.)

Having in your garden an abundant produce of wall and other fruit of every description, and of the choicest species, which have set as promisingly as possible, under the care of a skilful gardener; with this only circumstance against you, that, as the

season advances, you find—there is not nearly sun enough to ripen them.

Ned Tes. True, father—but that's not *your* fault, you know.

13. (S.)

Contininuing to live in the same ill conditioned spot, long after you have completely exhausted the few varieties of the scenery within view from your window, while the hardness of the times has obliged you to exchange your Horse's feet for your own.

14 (T.)

Employing—because you have no choice—a poor butcher, who never kills any given sort of meat (and this, whatever the farmer pleases to inflict on him) oftener than once in about three or four weeks; so that, by the expiration of your *mutton-month* (we'll say), you have so completely over-worked your palate by eating your way through one whole Ram at a stretch, that it is not half rested, by the time you are required to set in for another.

15. (T.)

To be repeatedly called away from your knife and fork by the arrival of different persons (who

will not wait) on petty business, which they always contrive should exactly tally with your meals, and which you cannot postpone without even more inconvenience to yourself than the loss of half your dinner.

Ned Tes. Why, Sir, as the Doctors tell us we ought always to rise from dinner with an appetite———

16. (S.)

While in the act of boasting at your own table that your peas, by much the most forward in the county, will be ready for the table in a fortnight at the farthest,—to be interrupted in the midst of your exultations by the entrance of a plate of them *actually* ready, and sent into your kitchen that morning, as a present from the rival garden of a neighbour.

17. (T.)

On an August evening—windows open, and candles lighted—the incessant visits of gnats, moths, earwigs, &c. &c. without invitation; so that one half of your time passes in killing some of your guests, and the other in helping the rest to kill themselves.

18. (T.)

Delaying to return a dull visit so long, that, when you return it at last, it is rendered doubly formidable by the cold and stiff reception which you expect, and find; to say nothing of the torments to which you have condemned yourself by keeping suspended over your head the evil hour which you knew all along must come upon you in the end;—so that, in truth, you have been continually paying the dreaded visit for whole weeks together.

19. (T.)

On receiving an unexpected visit for the day from a party on horseback — male-servants all absent, and the key of the stable safe in the pocket of the groom, whom you have sent on a distant errand which will detain him for the whole day and night.

20. (T.)

During the wet part of the winter in a low, miry country—on going, as usual, to walk, or rather vibrate, in a neighbouring high, hard-bottomed field, the only spot within reach which does not take you knee-deep at every step,—finding yourself unexpectedly anticipated by *the plough*; the horses being in the act of taking *their* promenade precisely in the track of yours.

21. (T.)

In your March-ramble over the mountains—phlebotomy in the face by the lancets of Eurus.

Ned Tes. Apropos of that, Sir, Mr Sensitive's brother———

Tes. Who, you young Scaramouch?—Name that Milksop again in my hearing, and I'll phlebotomise *you* in the *tongue!*

22. (T.)

Just in that period of your walk when you are overtaken by a torrent of rain, and secretly applauding your own caution, in having provided yourself with an umbrella—said umbrella suddenly and furiously reversed by a puff of wind, and shred to ribbands in an instant.

23. (S.)

During the fall of the leaf—the vegetable litter which incessantly deforms your gardens, lawns, and walks, much faster than it can be removed by the broom—and which obliges you to look for all your comfort to the approaching nakedness of winter!

24. (T.)

After consoling yourself under the gloom produced by long and heavy rains, with the consideration, that should they *ever* cease, you shall, at least, have the satisfaction of finding all your water-tubs completely filled, finding on enquiry that you are disappointed, indeed, in this hope; but that, by favour of a few unsuspected chasms in the roof and gutters of your house, the water is all safely conveyed into your—bed-chambers!

25. (T.)

Passing unawares through a paddock inhabited by an old Bull, by no means celebrated for urbanity to strangers.

26. (T.)

The buzzing, blundering thump of one cock-chaffer after another against your features, in your twilight summer walk.

27. (T.)

With the heel of one muddy shoe, treading the loosened string out of the other.

28. (T.)

The care and trouble of nursing all your young roots and plants entirely saved you by a stray Hog, —who, in the same spirit of unwearied benevolence, has left the whole of your garden ready dug for another sowing and planting.

MISERIES OF GAMES, SPORTS, &c.

Tes. By way of harmonizing my temper at the outset of this class, I shall begin with *Music :—*

GROAN 1. (T.)

A Flute of so unkindly a disposition, that the more breath you give it, the less sound it returns; —or one in which the note you want to catch constantly flies up into the octave *over-head.*

2. (T.)

While playing the solo part for the flute in a quartetto—to be supplied with a superfluous quantity of breath by a sudden fit of coughing, laughing, or sneezing.

3. (T.)

The difficulty of managing the *Shifts* in learning the fiddle;—*one* shift, indeed, the instrument is always ready enough to execute of itself—from your hand to the ground.

Ned Tes. I think, then, I should contrive to break the fall of my fiddle, by always practising over a feather-bed.

4. (T.)

Your fingers so clubbed at the ends, that they are not content with covering one fiddle-string at a time;—or of so *concise* a make, that in attempting to reach an octave on the Piano-forte, they either fail by one note, or succeed by taking a leap for it, —like Gulliver at the Brobdingnag harpsichord.

5. (T.)

The dead, lumpish, tubby tones of the fourth and fifth strings of the guittar.

6. (T.)

Finding that your harpsichord-tuner (now 20 miles on his way home,) has left you one or two braying notes, which frighten your ear out of its

wits, as often as you venture to meddle with them; —or, that some unhappy key, on the slightest touch, has fallen down in an apoplectic fit, from which you use all means to recover it—in vain!

Ned Tes. This, I suppose, is Pope's "dying, dying fall."

7. (T.)

After wading through the task of copying a very long piece of Music, discovering, as you play it over, that two or three whole bars have thought proper to leave themselves out.

Ned Tes. ——saves one the trouble of learning to play them, however, Father.

8. (T.)

Your Music-paper of so yielding a disposition as to allow the ink a free passage to the other side.

9. (S.)

To be pressed by the crowd round a military Band, close up to the *Trumpeter*, including three degrees of Misery—being stunned—stunned discordantly—and every moment expecting the Performer to burst in your face!

10. (S.)

Depending, for every note, at the Organ, upon a drowsy or absent bellows-blower.

Ned Tes. "With many a solemn pause between!"

11. (T.)

The difficulty of effecting an understanding between the calves of your legs and the butt end of the instrument, in beginning to learn the violoncello.

12. (S.)

After having, with great difficulty, persuaded a fair and celebrated performer on the harp to give you a sample of her skill, obtaining at last the pleasure of hearing her begin to—tune the instrument; the end of which very detailed operation exactly falls in with that of—your time.

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13. (S.)

The dusty colours of chalks or crayons imparting themselves quite as liberally to your fingers, as to your paper.

14. (S.)

Failing again and again in your attempts to get a correct outline, with the attendant Misery of as

often rubbing out your false one;—and here too, the option of irreparably griming your paper with soiled Indian rubber, or of covering your drawing, and all your implements, as well as the table and the floor, with a strew of dingy bread-crums,—except, indeed, those which are cemented together with—butter!

15. (S.)

At a Rout—with all the openness of a Gentleman about you—to be unavoidably drawn in as an accomplice in the dark transaction carried on *at the bottom of the candlestick.*

16. (S.)

In playing at whist in a house where the laws of the rubber are promptly executed upon offenders, in all their severity—perceiving that every part of your play (which you know to be vile) is undergoing the severest scrutiny by two or three sages of the game, who are betting deeply behind your chair; your attention to your cards being not much improved by the polite murmurs around you.

17. (S.)

To be summoned by an inveterate whist-player, whom you cannot refuse, to sit down with him to a rubber—with two dumb-ies!

Ned Tes. I think Sir, I should have left him to play it by himself with *three.*

18. (S.)

In playing for the odd trick (at nine all) your thirteenth sure card made double sure by the last trump of your cautious, careless, or stupid, partner.

19. (S.)

For want of better employment, playing at *Solitary*—the peculiar attraction of which lively game seems to be, that, after the most unbounded success, you are left without either the profit of winning, or the triumph of conquering.

20. (S.)

A winning adversary, who suffers his exultation to peep through his politeness.

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21. (S.)

When dancing is resumed after supper—the sufferings inflicted on yourself and all the sober part of the company, by the rampant spirits of a party of young men, fresh from the bowl, under the double inspiration of love and the ladle.

Ned Tes.

——— " nor did his eye not ken
Th' *Empire* of NEGUS !" *Milt.*

22. (T.)

To be swung in a bad swing by a worse swinger, who either jerks you out of your seat, or jolts and twists you *in* it; till, on your crying out to him to stop, he leaves you spinning like the flyer of a jack.

Ned Tes. A fair division, Sir—fun for one, and exercise for t'other; with a constant and rapid change of prospect for you into the bargain.

23. (T.)

Going to see an air-balloon which accordingly you *do* see—*on the ground;* as, from some fault either in the gas, the weather, or the Aeronaut,—it never rises.

Ned Tes. So much the better, my dear father;—how could a man of your feeling have endured to see a poor mortal dangling, or drifting, by himself between Heaven and Earth; while after all, perhaps, on returning to his native planet, if indeed he should have

the good luck to escape being wrecked on the moon, he might be set down on the Cross of St. Paul's!

Tes. I shall bring up my rear with a handful more of Tom's Eton-Miseries:—I only hope the young dog's brain may not be turned with the pride of seeing himself in print.

24. (T. Tes.)

Black Monday made a few shades blacker, by discovering, as you count over the cash squeezed out of your father at parting, that, on measuring it against your old debts, it still leaves you a guinea or two short of being worth nothing.

25. (T. Tes.)

The *cntamure* of a new, green, sappy rod.

26. (T. Tes.)

Cricket by two; so that, when *in*, you have to run a quarter of a mile behind the wicket after every ball you miss—your antagonist delivering it with the force of a cannon.

27. (T. Tes.)

When up to the ears in a game at cricket, being asked by "a fifth-form" *just* to come and fag

behind for five minutes, till somebody arrives who is to take your place;—this indefinite "somebody," however, never coming at all; so that you are obliged to slave out the whole "after twelve."

29. (T. Tes.)

While playing at foot-ball on a very wet day, and in consequence, completely pasted with mire from head to foot,—to be suddenly called off by a party of ladies, who hurry you away without even allowing you a moment to wash your hands, still less to change your stockings; and oblige you, in this condition, to parade about Eton with them for the rest of the morning. When your friends are gone, the innumerable questions put to you by a hundred boys at once—who they where—where they came from—what sort of dinner they gave you—whether they "pouched" you—how you came to walk with Ladies in such a pickle, &c. &c.

30. (T. Tes.)

At the above game—putting all your force into a *missing* kick, so that you are both lamed, and shamed.—Item, a flabby foot-ball.—Item, a new "shinner" on an old sore.

31. (T. Tes.)

On sitting down to your verses on some very barren subject, being told that there is something

in some part of the "Elegant Extracts," which may be turned to use; then, losing all your time in rummaging over the two hulking volumes, for nothing, and so finding yourself obliged to trust to your own "sense" (which turns out *non*sense) at last.

Tes. And so there end Tom's troubles;—I wish I could say as much of my own; but I don't come to an anchor quite so soon.—So mind, Ned—11 o'clock again tomorrow morning, when I shall resume once more the pretty pastimes of *Reading*, and *Writing*.

DIALOGUE THE SEVENTEENTH.

MISERIES OF READING AND WRITING.

Testy Senior and Junior.

(A Servant enters with a News-paper.—Testy snatches it out of his hand, and tears it to pieces.)

Testy.

THERE!—there!—I only wish Mr. Editor would come in while I am about it, just that he might see *my* notion of a News-paper. Impudent Rascals!—six-pence a day for the pleasure of wading through 16 columns of dull lies!—not to mention the loss of your eye-sight, which the Printer seems to have set his heart upon accomplishing—No, no, Gentlemen—I have put on my spectacles for you

for the last time, I can tell you.—A Newspaper!—yes—rare news, truly, at a moment when you are burning with impatience to know whether all Europe is likely to sink or swim, to be told

GROAN 1. (T.)

That Mr. A. and his family have just come in at Osborne's hotel; or, that Mr. B. and his, have just gone out!—that some Lord yesterday had a turtle for dinner, followed by a dry catalogue of the people at table: I wonder they don't go on to inform us "from authority" who *took* calipash, and who calipee!—Then comes a *prospectus* of the different ways in which twenty or thirty folks round St. James's have agreed to kill their time for a whole week to come.—Next for *Court-news*—what a fine thing it is to know that the Hon. Mr. L. had the honour of kissing hands on his return from —— Blackheath!—In *one* place, when you are posting your eye down the columns, eager to see whether the alliance between Russia and Prussia is going on —to find merely that that between Mr. Smith, and Miss Jones is going off; in *another*, instead of the seasonable appearance of an Emperor in full force in the Field, to be treated with the *un*seasonable appearance of an apple-tree in full blossom in a garden! or perhaps to receive "advice" from Norfolk of some

overgrown *turnip*, two or three yards in the waist, and fit for nothing——but to be measured!—At length, however, a long article, with the words "THE FIGHT" in tempting capitals at the top, seems to promise full satisfaction of your thirst after military intelligence; when, all in a moment, the expected "Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance of glorious War" dwindles into an affair of knuckles between *Gulley* and *the Chicken*, with a detailed bulletin of black eyes, and bloody noses, together with an accurate muster-roll of lemon-squeezers, bottle holders, &c. in the illustrious persons of Jemmy from Town, Dutch Sam, the Ruffian, &c. &c. Nay, you can't even cast your eye on the list of marriages, just by way of seeing whether any of your friends are changing their state, but ten to one you are presented, at full length, with the interesting information that, "on Saturday last Humphrey Hogg, Esq. Sausage-maker in Blow-bladder-street, led to the altar of Hymen Miss Celestina Huggins, 4th daughter, by his 5th wife, of Diggory Huggins, Esq. formerly an eminent Rag-merchant in St. Wolcroft's in the East," or some such unheard-of Hole. In the midst of your fury at all this, your literary curiosity is roused at an account of an extraordinary *exercise* lately performed by certain "College Youths"—till you presently find that these academical honours have been gained by half a dozen brawny block-

heads, for having jangled six or eight thousand "triple bob majors," or some such gibberish, upon the bells, through the ears of some peaceful neighbourhood, all day long—with much more of the same sort of instruction than I can bear to think of—such as *Walking Wagers*, where one fool is nimbler than another, and that's all!—*Eating Wagers*, where a Beast (after a barrel of oysters for a whet,) washes down a stipulated number of legs of mutton, pounds of beef-steaks, and plumb-puddings, with gallons of strong beer ad infinitum; and all this, alas! without *always* killing himself;—or, (to have done with it at once,) the "eight persons now living in a village in Lancashire, whose united ages make 1250 years"—the booby who tells the wonder not having instinct enough to see that it is a lie;—the "years" of the *eldest* of course including those of all the rest.

So much for Newspapers, and the joy I have had in them! I have prepared my revenge, however—look here, Ned.

Ned Tes. What's that, father?

Tes. What! why a bundle of specimens which I have been drawing up for my new volume of Miseries, in humble imitation of the more elaborate contents of these invaluable

folios—just by way of shewing the public what it is they are so fond of reading at the rate of 9 or 10*l.* a year.—The first article on my list is just warm from the life—a begging letter from a Candidate for a seat in parliament. Thanks to the electors, the wiseacres are all chosen at last, and so we may chance to be reprieved from this misery for six or seven years to come:—do but observe the strain of impudent humility in which you will hear one of these gentlemen pretend to cry himself down (though very deservedly, it appears,) just by way of excuse for complimenting himself, immediately afterwards, into all the public virtues under Heaven:—but "hear! hear! hear!"

TO THE WORTHY AND TRULY INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE BOROUGH OF ——.

Gentlemen,

THE dissolution of Parliament being at length announced, I humbly crave permission again to present myself to your notice as a most unworthy, though zealous, candidate for the representation of your ancient and honourable Borough. Should I rest my claim upon the sufficiency of my abilities for this momentous trust, I should be at once

obliged to abandon every hope of success. But if, in this respect, I may be deemed unequal to a responsibility so awful; if, in my former parliamentary career, you should have sometimes found occasion to complain of the imbecillity of my judgment; if, in the consciousness of that imbecillity, and under the pressure of an insurmountable diffidence, I have at all times shrunk from the publicity of debate, and left the field to bolder or more flowery orators; if the perplexing novelty of the circumstances into which Europe has been thrown, have so outrun the lagging conclusions of my reason as to leave me, on certain debates of the highest importance, almost without any opinions at all; if, in the honest easiness of my credulity, I have occasionally suffered myself to be drawn into the support of measures which I went determined to oppose, or to oppose such as, upon the most mature deliberation, I had conscientiously resolved to support; if, for this reason, as well as from the infirmity of my health, I have unavoidably absented myself from the house during the discussion of the gravest, and most critical questions; let me, at least, enjoy the noble self-confidence with which I can defy the most strenuous of my competitors to rival me in the spotless purity of my intentions, in the tried fervor of my zeal, or in the incorruptible soundness of my political principles. Should I be again

honoured with your choice, I hereby solemnly pledge myself to an indefatigable exertion of my very limited capacities, on every occasion which may involve the dignity of my own character, the welfare of my worthy constituents, the security of our unrivalled constitution, the prerogatives of my Sovereign, or the glory and pre-eminence of my country.

In these proud sentiments, not unworthy, I trust, of the characters of those whose patronage I boldly venture to anticipate, I subscribe myself,

Gentlemen,
Your unalterably devoted
And gratefully obsequious
Friend and humble servant,

CHAMPION FEEBLE.

Tes. There's for you!—A pretty promise such a fellow holds out to his constituents!—Noble services, no doubt, must this dumb, sick, shy, credulous, sneaking, dull, drivelling patriot, with all his virtues, render to his country, in the hour of danger!—But I am not in a temper to pause over this plague any longer, being rather too fresh from the actual disease; and so let us pass to the next article; and

that happens to be a specimen of the "puff oblique:"—

Discovery of the LONGITUDE! and the PERPETUAL MOTION!!!

With respect to the first of these grand desiderata in philosophy, it is well known that Mr. Harrison did not entitle himself to his glittering reward till he had employed between thirty and forty years of his life in an uninterrupted series of laborious experiments; what, then, shall we say of the opportunity now presented to the adventurous of enriching themselves to the same enormous amount—20,000*l.* sterling!—only by parting, for a short time, with a few paltry pounds, and this without any sacrifice either of time or labour?—Such, however, is the astonishing fact, as many happy hundreds have experienced, and will be experienced by as many hundreds more as think riches worth having, on Monday morning next, when the wheel of fortune will commence its auspicious revolutions at Cooper's Hall.

As to the PERPETUAL MOTION, it is found out at last—as every one knows who has witnessed the constant succession of thronging multitudes, both on foot and in carriages, to and from the door of Mr. B's. Lucky Lottery-Office, No. 9, Charing Cross.

Tes. What next?—Another puff, I see, in the form of a "*Letter to Dr.* ———, *Proprietor of the Scorbutic Pill;*" thus:—

Sir,

I SHOULD be the most ungrateful of mankind were I to delay for a moment to return my heart-felt acknowledgments for the blessings I have derived from your inestimable pill. Before I was so happy as to hear of its miraculous effects, life had long been a burthen to me. I was an object no less horrible than piteous to behold, being so entirely covered, or rather crusted, from head to foot, with the most virulent blotches and humours, that I ought rather to have been called an ULCER than a man. I was, at the same time, so miserably emaciated, that my bones rattled audibly as I moved, and my head itself seemed to hang to my shoulders by at hread. In short, to such a condition was I reduced that, on being carried to my own door upon a litter, on my return home after a short absence in the vain search after ease, my wife who chanced to meet me in the passage, insisted that they had brought me to the wrong house, for that she had never seen me before!—The sound of my voice, however, but too cruelly undeceived her, and I was then conveyed to the bed on which I continued to lie, without stirring hand or foot, for more than thirty years. During this awful period, matters were constantly

and rapidly going on with me from bad to worse; scarcely an hour passed but some new and still more deplorable disease was added to the complicated list of maladies which were devouring me up piece-meal, (in a manner,) and it was a lucky day when I could say that one or more of my bones had not dropped clean out of the socket! Sleep, at one time, I had none, for 69 successive nights, unless I may call by that name a series of swoons, brought on by my agonies, and the weakness consequent upon my reduced condition. About this period, the flesh began to drop in large collops from my back and shoulders; and from one hollow which formed exactly beneath my left pap, my heart was absolutely naked and visible, by which my inquisitive surgeon was gratified, at my expense, with a living display of the whole process of *systole* and *diastole*, as I think he called it. In this state of things, my case having been pronounced absolutely hopeless by every physician in Europe, my friends began to think it was high time to call your invaluable remedy to my aid—and invaluable indeed it proved to me! No sooner had I begun to use it, than the most surprizing alteration came on: while I was swallowing the first pill, I could plainly feel, to my inexpressible astonishment and delight, that a new and perfect growth of healthy flesh was rapidly forming in every part of the skeleton to which

I was now wasted down; and before I had taken the third, I had reason to suspect, from certain strange and indescribable sensations, as if of some hard substance pushing or shooting forth in different places, that the numerous cavities left by the bones I had lost were about to be filled up by a new process of ossification; which, sure enough, was presently found to be vigorously and prosperously going on. My appetite, too, very shortly became so dangerously keen, that it was reckoned prudent to refuse me a third fowl or rabbit at my dinner. But not to trouble you with too many particulars, (which to you, indeed, must be mere shadows of a thousand still more extraordinary cases,) I will simply say that by persevering in the course for one week more, I felt not only that every symptom of disease had absolutely vanished, as if by magic; but that I was suddenly able, (which I had never been in the best days of my youth and strength,) to perform the most athletic feats in leaping, wrestling, boxing, &c. without the slightest sensation of fatigue. To express the full extent of my gratitude to you, my dear Sir, for this almost incredible restoration, is a task which I must give up in despair; suffice it to say that to Providence (under your pill!) I shall ever acknowledge myself indebted for the felicity which I now enjoy, and am, Sir, with

more ardent wishes for your prosperity than my own,

Your eternally obliged friend and servant,

BENJ. BLAIR.

P. S. Please to send me without delay, six dozen of the guinea boxes of your Scorbutic Pills, by the Shrewsbury Coach,—though, indeed, I have not the smallest apprehension of ever having occasion to use them again.

Tes. But there are still more exasperating paragraphs in a News-paper than any I have yet touched upon, and some of these, too, under the delusive appearance of Entertainment—take the head of "Theatrical Intelligence," for example:—I think I might safely defy the Genius of Dulness herself to fabricate any thing more sickening than a News-writer's abstract of the plot of a new comedy—*i. e.* of the worst part of the worst thing, in the joint domain of stupidity and absurdity!—To introduce my humble imitation with their own cant—"The following is a brief sketch of the plot:"—

Sparkly and Dorinda, two lovers deeply enamoured of each other, and betrothed almost from

the cradle, with the full consent and encouragement of all their relations, suddenly and at the same moment conceive a mutual antipathy. The estrangement of Sparkly arises from the accident of his having picked up in the park a letter in a female hand addressed, in terms of the most ardent attachment, to a person of his own name. In the vanity of his heart, he instantly conceives himself to be the favoured object, and from that moment forgetting Dorinda, becomes passionately enamoured of the fair Unknown, who signs herself Sylvia Dorville. The alienation of Dorinda's affections is equally abrupt, and proceeds from her having dreamed, three nights following, that she never could be happy with a husband, the initial of whose sirname should be S. nor with any man whose name should be other than *Harcourt*. This circumstance determines her at once to break off her present matrimonial engagement, which was to have been fulfilled on the ensuing day. On communicating this resolution to Sparkly, at their next meeting, she is surprized at hearing him declare, with great appearance of satisfaction, that he had, himself now come to *her*, for the express purpose of dissolving the connection, in proof of which he relates his adventure in the Park. After a short and amicable discussion of the circumstances which had operated this unforeseen and fortunate change

in the feelings of each, the scene concludes with a reciprocal agreement—on her part to assist him in his search after Sylvia Dorville, whose letter had neither indicated the place of her abode, nor proposed a meeting—on his part to exert equal diligence in seeking the acquaintance of every young man, bearing the name of Harcourt, of whom he could gain intelligence. The relations, on both sides, somewhat remarkably acquiesce, after a short opposition, in these sudden arrangements between the quondam lovers, and even co-operate, at last, in the double search above mentioned. In the mean time, Sparkly discovers that the affair of the letter is a revengeful jest practised upon him by a lady whom he had formerly courted, but afterwards deserted in favour of Dorinda, and his passion for the latter immediately returns in all its force. Dorinda, however, still remains under the dominion of her dream, and rejects the renewal of his overtures. At this critical juncture, an old uncle of Dorinda, whose existence she appears to have forgotten, and whose name is Harcourt, returns to England, from the West Indies, in a dying state, and with an immense fortune; one half of which he declares it to have been his intention to settle on his niece on her marriage with Sparkly: but, learning, on his arrival, the total revolution in her feelings and purposes which has recently taken

place, he attempts to reason her out of her superstitious resolution, but without effect; till it fortunately occurs to him to leave the remainder of his wealth to Sparkly, on the double condition of his taking the name of Harcourt, which would otherwise have expired with himself, and obtaining the hand of the lady. This contrivance succeeds; the Uncle dies suddenly; Sparkly assumes his name; the fondness of Dorinda for her old lover revives; and—they are married!

Tes. Apropos of Matrimony, by the bye—these precious prints occasionally afford us most delectable specimens, from real life, of the sort of anonymous courtship just now borrowed from the stage. I speak of those impudent rascals who advertise for wives, and ogle through a News-paper at all the unmarried Charmers in England; while, at the same time, even by their own account of themselves, they have nothing but poverty, vulgarity, and a few other such recommendations, to offer in exchange for all possible perfections which they so modestly demand on the female side. What shall we think of a fellow who has not even wit enough to get his proposals penned for him by one who at

least knows a little of his own language?—But let this Romeo of the News-papers speak for himself; I mean, as he *generally* speaks:—

MATRIMONY.

Matrimony being the happiest state, wanted, to suit the Advertiser, the following:—no Lady need apply who does not possess every accomplishment requisite to adorn the Bed, particularly a large stock of refinement and sensibility. She must have an ample fortune (nothing under 1000*l.* per ann. will be treated with) quite independent and unencumbered, or she must look elsewhere; the Advertiser being no common person, and no joke intended.

She must have every charm of person—the Advertiser being particular in that respect;—and very fashionable and genteel—he being such. Her age must not be over 20, and a warranted copy of the parish Register to be shewn, if required, to prevent imposition: if more than the above age, 1000*l.* for every additional year is not thought an unreasonable demand. The Advertiser is more precise as to the article of finances, having himself met with unlucky spokes in the wheel of Fortune, and being past the middle age, does not care to begin life again. Not being accustomed to confinement, expects to be master of his own hours, and received

with a smiling countenance, though long away; but the lady won't be solitary in his absence, he having many children by former marriages, whose education being wholly neglected, will fully employ her time; and one being still at the breast, a young widow with an infant, or at least far advanced in her pregnancy, would be preferred.—Being a silent man, and often gloomy from former crosses, he looks for a constant and playful flow of spirits, and to study his humours.

Advertiser snores loud, but hopes the young lady is a sound sleeper, and then not so material.

Has been used to wives who have not thought much of reading him to sleep, being hard to lull, and sickly from his cradle.

Face and figure not remarkable—but person no object in a man; however, not uncomely in his youth.

Any lady this may please, and answering all the descriptions, will wait on the Advertiser at his apartment in Smock Alley, Deptford, near the Dock; he lodges at a Tallow-chandler's, up three pair of stairs.

It is recommended to apply immediately, or the opportunity may be lost;—besides, the Advertiser not approving suspense.

P. S. Being rather nice in his eating, expects his wife will assist the cook, when company.

N. B. Should the lady call, when other Gentlemen are in the room, the Advertiser will easily be known by his dress, which he has always worn, and is as follows:—black wig combed genteel, with a small club tied close up; purple coat with horn-buttons, green plush waistcoat, with very long flaps, black everlastings, blue worsted stockings, and cloth shoes slashed for the gout.—To prevent all mistakes, generally a pipe in his mouth.

But these illustrious Writers, not content with their other successes, must e'en aspire to the palm of wit and humour too—thus:—

Bonaparte seems likely to be *cut off* at last;—if so, it seems likely to be by a *War-saw*.

Tes. There, there! that's enough, I suppose?

Ned Tes. Yes, father, as far as *prose* is concerned; but can't you give us a peep into "The Poet's corner?"

Tes. No, no, no,—I must let that alone; sore against my will, I confess; but the truth is that when I came to try my hand at it, I found there was nothing to lay hold of; one "Lover's Wish," or "Shepherdess's Complaint," or "Thought on a Rose-bud," &c.

was purely like another; that is, none of them were like any thing;—they were all absolutely intangible;—I might as well have attempted to copy vacancy, or a blank. Nonsense, without any character, merely makes one faint or sleepy, and there is neither jest nor earnest in a yawn. However, not to leave you quite without a lesson in bad poetry, I'll just give you an *epigram,* both because it affects something, (though it performs nothing,) and because it is soon over:—it would be called

Tim's Retort.

Says Tom to Tim, "I love your spouse;
Egad she seems a rare Rib!"—
"Yes, yes," quoth Tim, and rubb'd his brows,
"But mark—she's not a SPARE-*rib.*

Kit. Caustic.

After such specimens as I have here given, who can wonder that the *three* columns of Advertisements are, upon the whole, the most interesting part of these pretty sheets?—

Ned Tes. For my part, Sir, I think much as you do about News-papers; I never look at them, except just to see what the Book-Mongers are about;—but there are other

periodical publications, you know; and I have sometimes stumbled upon a lucky Quotation, at least, in a *Magazine*.

Tes. Perhaps you may; but as *I* don't think myself repaid by one or two quotations, good or bad, for 50 or 60 pages of trash, I must beg leave to be as inveterate against one sort of Medley as the other. And to shew you that I don't talk at random, please to listen, sirrah, while I produce, as before, a few specimens which I have put together, as faithful representations of the usual contents of these repositories of Monthly wisdom which you are so fond of.—But no, no—you shan't have them now, neither; I've a fury-fever all over me already. Some other time, when my pulse is lowered to its average rate of 90 in a minute, I may return to the charge, and open my fire upon the *Magazines*.

Ned Tes. Take care, father—that's a ticklish kind of battle.

Tes. So much the better; the more danger the more glory.—In the mean time, I have a few *Reading and Writing* Groans upon hand, which I'll now see whether I can get through, as I first intended.

GROAN 1. (S.)

The mental famine created among poor students by the modern luxury of the press—hot-pressed paper—Bulmer's types—vignettes in every page, &c. obliging every reader with less than 5000*l.* per annum, to seek for all his knowledge of new books by hearsay; or through the glimmering medium of those Wills-o-the-wisp, the Reviewers; or out of the Circulating Library, where nothing circulates—but the Catalogue!

2. (S.)

Toiling through a novel 7 or 8 volumes long, on the very strong recommendation of one whose judgment you had considered as an oracle, but which you now discover is so far from being infallible, that it is—*not* infallible: with this exquisite addition to your woes, that, when you have at last forced through it, you have become perfectly satisfied of a dreadful fact which you had more than once suspected in the course of the book;—that you had—read it before!

Ned Tes. Nay, father, if you remember it no better, it seems high ime to read it again.

3. (T.)

Reading an interesting book, on loan from a Bookseller, accompanied with a strict embargo on the Paper-cutter; and thus getting at one half of its contents by *ogling* the type through the leaves, and sitting down under the absolute loss of the other.

4. (T.)

The joys of reading in bed, in the Winter!—*i. e.* overlaying one of your arms till it is cramped, and exposing the other till it is frost-bitten;—with the *relief*, however, of perpetually shifting from this uneasy posture to that, for the advantage either of fumbling over the leaves, snuffing your dim light, or preventing the partial eclipse occasioned by the intervention of that opake body, your head, from becoming total.—I say nothing of making a Bonfire of all your Relations—a part of the frolic with which *I* have nothing to do.

5. (S.)

Reading a favourite book from the Circulating Library, which has, *sensibly*, passed through the hands of all the Subscribers.

6. (S.)

While very poor, and likely so to remain, the

tantalizing task you have imposed on yourself of continually adding to your visionary catalogue of books to be bought when you are rich.

Ned Tes. Why if you were actually to purchase them, Sir, you would lose all the pleasures of hope, you know.

7. (S.)

Reading a book well worth remembering, with the consciousness, all along, that, from the peculiar construction of your memory, you shall almost immediately forget it.

8. (T.)

A book abounding with errors of the press, without a table of errata;—to leave *you*, I suppose, the pride and pleasure of discovering them for yourself!

9. (T.)

A volume, of which the pages are so fancifully transposed by the Binder, that you appear to one who sees you reading it, to be turning over a Dictionary.

10. (S.)

Casting your eye over the backs of the choice books contained in the library of a neighbour who

has so high a sense of their value, that he would not throw you out a pamphlet, to save your mind from sinking.

11. (S.)

Continuing to read long after your memory is clogged, and your attention jaded, merely because you have nothing else to do.

12. (S.)

In reading a book of travels—viewing through another's eyes the most exquisite scenes which you are physically certain that you shall never see with your own, and getting no distinct image at last.

13. (S.)

Reading a performance so loosely and flimsily put together, that when you accidentally turn over two leaves, you discover no particular break or awkwardness in the sense.

Ned Tes. Better so, Sir, I should think, than turn one's brains by such abstruse studies as require one to keep them constantly upon the stretch, from beginning to end; such as Algebra, Fluxions, Decimal Arithmetic, &c. &c. —By the bye, father, what's the use of these crabbed parts of learning?—for my part, I

have sometimes dipped into a page or two of such books, and it seems to me that all they say amounts pretty nearly to this sort of problem: — Says A to B, *C.*— Says C to D, *E.*—No, says E, *F.*—I demand who A. was?

Tes. I shall presently demand who *you* are, Puppy, if you don't mind what you are about.

14. (S.)

Borrowing, on condition of returning it to-morrow morning, a book consisting almost wholly of short, detached sentences; such as — "The Miseries of Human Life."

15. (T.)

The advantage of reading in a fluttering current of air, which every instant saves you the trouble of turning over the leaves.

16. (T.)

Ditto in *writing* — the said breeze officiously acting as a *Penna duplex*, by printing off your wet words, as fast as you write them, on the opposite page.

17. (S.)

Finding that one shelf or division of your library

exactly and easily contains a complete range of authors of a particular class, or the whole set of some very voluminous work, with the exception of a *single volume;* by which you are condemned to the alternative of leaving out that volume, (which is like leaving out one of your eyes,) or of cramming it in, (which is like cramming *yourself* in at a full dinner-table.)

Tes. But now for a few comforts of *the Pen.*

18. (T.)

Drawing lines, in ink, with a very flat rule, which gives you a line extraordinary every time—with plenty of ink to spare for your fingers.

19. (T.)

Mending a pen, on a desperate push, with a case knife—unless you should prefer a pair of scizzars!

20. (T.)

In taking a pen out of your mouth, finding that you have effectually wiped off the ink with which it was covered in the only part that came in contact with your lips.

21. (T.)

In writing through a very thick blank book, perpetually arriving at the bottom of your page, with either no support for the lower fingers of your writing hand, or with the perpetual plague of changing the height of your props, to make them suit the ever-shifting level of the book.

22. (S.)

Working at a translation; with the prospect of being rewarded at the end with the reputation either of a traitor, if you do not echo your Master's words, or of a dunce if you do.

23. (S.)

In writing poetry—dropping a thought, in snapping at a rhyme.

24. (T.)

Scattering the green cloth of your writing-table, and every thing upon it, with the overplus of the sand which you throw hastily over a letter; then, in endeavouring to whisk off the nuisance with your hand, disturbing only a few grains, which spring up for shelter into your eyes.

25. (T.)

Marring and splitting up your pen by driving and

pushing it against a dry lump of cotton in the corner of a pocket ink-stand—not to mention the *hair*-strokes which it makes on your paper after every dip.

26. (T.)

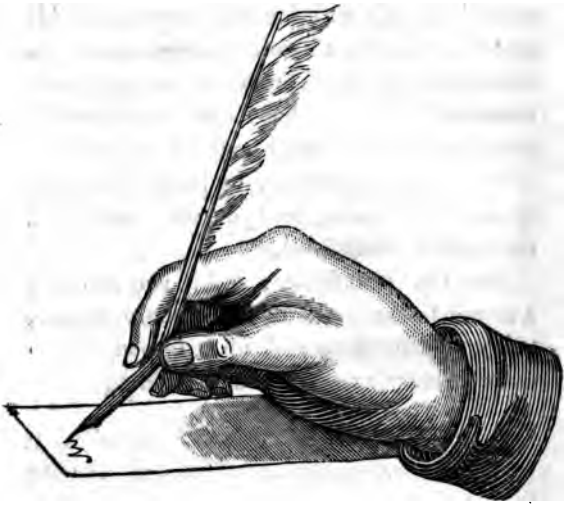
After having made some progress in writing through a blank-paper book bought at a petty stationer's, suddenly finding that its interior is entirely composed of outside sheets, of which every leaf that is not torn, atones for that defect by being either dirty, or greasy.

27. (S.)

After having employed an untried Amanuensis to copy out a long writing—losing at least as many hours at last, in correcting his innumerable blunders and absurdities, as it would have cost you at first to make the transcript yourself—to say nothing of the condition of the MS. when all is over.

28. (T.)

A pen (your only one) so perversely shaped, if not broken, towards the bottom, that it will not accommodate itself to your fingers in the proper position for writing, but is for ever obliging you to write either with the side, or the back.



29. (T.)

Sending in great haste to borrow a pen, and after staying till you have just one moment left to use it in, receiving at last—a quill.

30. (S.)

On flying to the wafer-glass after failing of wax, (Postman waiting)—nothing there; with the choice of sending your letter unsealed, or—not at all.

O yes!—its a fine thing to be a scholar, no

doubt!—I only wish I could unlearn my Alphabet.—But what next?—nothing less than Pandemonium itself, under its proper *Nick*-name of LONDON:—but I shall let it alone till next week, when I shall have an opportunity of refreshing my memory by passing through it: after that's over, hold yourself ready, Ned, for another conference.

Ned Tes. Yes, father; and if you can take a round to the north of Bloomsbury Square, you may chance to pick up a Groan or two extraordinary among the new buildings.

DIALOGUE THE EIGHTEENTH.

MISERIES OF LONDON.

Testy Senior and Junior.

Testy.

YES—London is the Mart for Misery after all. In the Country, if a man wants a Groan, he must take a walk or a ride for it; but in the great Town, every thing stands ready to his hand, and in whatever part of it he may happen to be, he has nothing to do but to take out his tablets, and set down his sufferings.—Why, what could Juvenal, and Johnson, and Boileau have been thinking of, when they made so little of the Miseries of the three hugest cities in the known world?

Ned Tes. Why, Sir, they did not *hate* con *amore*, as you do.

5. (S)

News from your nose that you are passing by a Tallow-chandler's shop on melting-day,—and on setting off, as you would from a mad dog, finding yourself still hunted down by the fumes; till you sink with fatigue, and burst for want of wind.

6. (S.)

Straying through the uncleaned, unlighted, unguarded lanes and alleys of London, in the *morning* part of the *night*.

7. (S.)

When going out to dinner on a rainy day—the servant returning with news that he has ransacked half the Stands in London for a coach, in vain—(no wonder;—this being a case in which you have always fewest friends, when you have most need of them;)—then, pacing the room in a frenzy, to meditate whether you shall dabble out in the drizzle, on the faint chance that it will presently cease, and that you *may* meet with a conveyance on your way —or, wait for the coach which has been promised you at the end of an hour, and so, on your arrival, find the table covered with glasses and bottles, instead of knives and forks—or lastly, stay away entirely, though the party was formed on purpose for you, and you have no dinner provided at home.

8. (S.)

After finishing your early dinner, as well as your wine, tea, and news-papers, at a coffee-house, feeling yourself too much indisposed to venture out, and yet (unluckily) not quite enough so to take to your bed.

9. (S.)

Another.—As you are taking the physic administered to you in a decanter after dinner, at a Coffee-house which you do *not* frequent, overhearing loud commendations of *their* wine from others who *do*.

10. (S.)

Wandering from one shop to another in search of a book, and finding 20 copies of it, of a date immediately before, and after, that of the only edition which will be of any use to you, and which you, *consequently*, never find.

Ned Tes. But then, father, you may thank your disappointment for your exercise; and your exercise for an appetite to your dinner.

11. (T.)

After having wisely inquired your way of a boy

in the street, making the whole circuit of the Metropolis, in following his waggish directions.

12. (S.)

A Public Dinner in June — with the opening recommendation that you are to partake it with a snug party of five or six hundred perfect strangers, all to be served by about the proportion of one waiter to fifty Feeders.—On going, at your entrance, up to a capital seat secured for you by a friend, finding it *secured already* by a *gentleman*, who had quietly removed from your plate the paper inscribed with your name. After a fruitless squabble with your sturdy substitute, and many a disappointed search after another place, you at length succeed in procuring one at an extempore, cast-away table, by the ever-opening door; though you can reach your point only by making a mat of the table-cloth, (as usual,) on your way to your seat in a cramp corner, where you wind and screw yourself in, and there sit, squeezed like a cheese in a press, on a bare, narrow, shelving bench, far, far away from all your friends! the new set among whom you are banished proving to be either Ciphers, or Savages.—Then comes waiting one half hour for grace before meat, and another for meat after grace; while you occupy your leisure with watching your new hat, and ruefully

stuffing yourself with dry bread, without knowing what you do, till, on the arrival of more substantial food, you are nearly too much filled, (though quite unsatisfied) already, to eat any more. This, however, is hardly a misfortune, unless you should have the talent of feeding yourself with the fins to which your arms are now metamorphosed by the jamming shoulders of your two next neighbours, to the sore annoyance of your ribs. — At length arrives, in a state which divides an equal share of disgrace among all the parties concerned in furnishing and dressing it, the long expected dinner— followed by the ruffian scramble in which it suddenly vanishes; the brandished and clattering weapons of the resolute, frightening away the timid from the contest, and leaving them the well-known torments of Tantalus, with the heightenings of heat, clamour, and confusion. During your short and hapless attempt at a meal, you are provided with ample leisure for the separate digestion of every morsel,—the most popular dish at the table having been shoved immediately under your chin, attended by an instantaneous flood of applications from a hundred gaping mouths, which your working elbows ache in vain attempts to fill, without a ray of social satisfaction to cheer you through the drudgery of rendering your services.—I have hitherto suppose you cramped up in a corner; but

perhaps, with better fortune, you have wedged yourself in on an outside, backless bench; in this case, when your labours as a carver are at an end, (which happens only from the complete consumption of the article you have been mangling,) you are stoutly hunched aside, by the huge carcase of a panting fellow who stretches over you to snatch off the dish, of which you carry away a lasting memorial in the streams of gravy wherewith he anoints every part of your clothes.—It is to be hoped that you are not over-solicitous about the changes of your plate, knife, and fork; and likewise that you don't *drink* with your meals; or, if you do, that you are prepared to give yourself up, for 20 minutes together, to the hopeless project of trying to fix one flying waiter who does not, and another who will not, hear you; or another still who hears, and promises, but does nothing for you after all.—At last, one half of the company being gorged, and the other starved, in due form, the remnants of your Lapithæan feast are to be removed—a process once more feelingly impressed upon you by the active Attendants, as they dig you with their elbows about the face and head.—And now, the hundred table-cloths being, at length, dragged away, the Master-scene of the Drama begins, additionally enlivened by the company of the Waiters. It auspiciously opens with certain

dozens of bumper toasts, as thick as hail, (you know not, and care not, to whom, or to what,) gulped down in *native* Port, bottled yesterday, and still shaking from the hamper—each toast being first drummed, and then trumpeted, through your ears by a Waiter, at whose *fiat* it is afterwards honoured by a measured number of whoops and howls, exacted from all the throats in the room.—To this uproar by authority, you are obliged, with disgust in your heart, to contribute your faint hurra, accompanied with a feeble flourish of your glass—the whole folly being committed in a standing posture, and concluded, by way of clincher, with a deafening tattoo of hands, and clatter of glasses, from every Booby present; the far greater number of whom seem really quite ardent and elate on the occasion, and evidently, in some way or other, find their account in the hubbub! The *Wine*—(yes—the mixture constantly goes, and is charged under that name)—the wine, I say, swallowed in inordinate quantities, and with no fruit within your reach to take after it, soon produces tumult without gaity, and drunkenness without fellowship, occasionally interrupted by execrable songs, which, however, you have at least to thank for a temporary rescue from the boisterous happiness which assails you from every quarter.—At last, the agonizing term of your imprisonment

expires, which you would have abridged by many an hour, but for the promise by which you had rashly bound yourself not to steal away without your friends, who are compelled, as Stewards, to sit through the last dregs of the Jubilee.

13. (T.)

In your walk to the city, with a morning full of pressing business on your hands,—to be blockaded by endless files of Charity children (3 or 4 schools in the lump), or Volunteers,—a fresh-caught thief, attended by his Posse Comitatus—the Bank-Guard —a Body of Firemen in their new dresses,—&c. &c. who either pin you up to the wall, if you keep the pavement, or compel you to escape them by grovelling through the mud.

14. (T.)

On May-day—Your eyes and ears put in subjection, all day long, to the *Majesty of the People*, in the persons of what George Selwyn is said to have called "the Princes of the Blood"—to wit, young Chimney-sweepers, in all the Regalia of gilt paper, paste-board crowns, and shovel-sceptres, defiling you with their close approaches, and clattering you into madness with their wooden insignia.

Ned Tes. Nay, father, the more soot, the more sympathy—for surely you cannot *but* sympathise in the transports of these little Black Princes, on the only holiday they enjoy in the whole year.

Tes. Another such word, Ned, and I'll bind you apprentice to the trade you seem so fond of.—Perhaps you think I should feel the same sort of charity for

15. (T.)

The 5th of November, or the Anniversary of squalling petitions to "remember Guy Faux," alias "Poor Guy,"—whom you would most willingly forget for ever, and whose "Plot" you now consider as by much the most venial part of his misconduct.

16. (S.)

The joys of "Lord Mayor's day," when, by some fatality, you have slipped into the vortex of the celebration, stripped as it now is of the only object which it was at any time possible for a rational Being to look at—*the Man in Armour.*

17. (T.)

To be persecuted by the whimpering whine of an

able-bodied beggar close at your heels, through the whole length of Oxford Street.

18. (S.)

Living next door to a large Ladies' Boarding school—your private apartment being immediately contiguous to the Dancing-room, so that not a single screech of the eternal kit is lost upon you.

19. (S.)

Going, on your only spare morning, to a variety of shops in St. James's Street—on the Birth-day!

20. (S.)

While quietly walking along the North side of Piccadilly, without an idea of stirring an inch from the Metropolis—to be assailed all the way, at the doors of the different houses of call, by the clamorous accosts of Stage-coachmen, Postilions, &c. all eagerly pressing you to let them trundle you away to Hammersmith, Brentford, Hounslow, &c. &c.

Ned Tes. Very convenient, though, to know where you may find a conveyance, if you should want one another time.

21. (S.)

Coming to London, from a great distance, for the sole purpose of gratifying your loyal curiosity, once before you die, with a sight of the Royal Family at the play; then, on entering the House, finding that the place kept for you is directly over their heads; so that, when you have painfully stretched yourself farther and farther over the front of the box, till you are in danger of getting a fuller view of them *from the Pit*, you at length succeed in catching the tip of a Princess's feather, or—if you are still more fortunate—of a royal nose!

22. (S.)

Going, without a carriage, into 50 shops in different parts of the town in the course of the morning, and purchasing at each place only a few articles, which, as they are too small in size and value to be sent home for you, you successively stow into your pockets—until, at length, they are crammed into the appearance of panniers, or saddle-bags; so that, to hide your disgrace from the elegant world, you sneak home as fast as you can, by the vilest and most obscure passages you can discover.

Tes. Next come, as a proper sequel to such a story,

MISERIES OF PUBLIC PLACES.

GROAN 1. (S.)

Going (without an opportunity of repeating the visit) to examine the various processes of a Manufactory; and staying just long enough to be astonished at the extent of—your own ignorance.

2. (S.)

The awkwardness of your feelings during an interview with *Mr. Lambert*, or any other polished Monster on public view—with the painful restraint laid by your delicacy on your curiosity, as to the particulars of his *preposterosities*.

3. (S.)

At a Concert, between the acts—after quitting an excellent place on an expedition to the Refreshment-room, finding, on your arrival, every table besieged—and on your return, the first song, together with all chance of another seat, completely over.

4. (S.)

Going to the European Museum, on a report

that " all the World will will be there, to see the unparalleled *Claude*, just imported from the Continent:—then, on entering the room, finding the said " World" concentered in the person of—Mr. Wilson.

5. (S.)

On your return home from a Tour in North Wales, during which you have been led astray by such imperfect written directions as you could pick up,—finding on your table, where it had been left by a friend, within an hour after your departure, the most complete Itinerary extant.

Ned. Tes. And yet, Sir, it's always desirable to have one's mistakes corrected.

Mrs. Tes. I believe *I* shall have to teach you what true misery is at last:

6. (Mrs. T.)

In attending a sale at Christie's—losing an article which you came determined to have, at any sum, by want of courage to bid audibly, or go through the ensuing awful ceremony of giving your name and address, before a room-full of staring strangers.

7. (S.)

On the first and last appearance of some theatrical Meteor, when every seat in every box has been

eagerly caught up months ago—venturing for *the Pit* amidst a shoal of plebeians, completely soldered into one mass—with the varied accompaniments of heat, delay, fatigue, crushings, treadings, quarrelings, and total loss of purse, peace, and—shoes.—When you are at length borne along to the Paying-place, the new struggle and difficulty of ransoming your right arm from its close captivity, for the purpose of diving into your pockets, to find ..... nothing there. After thus involuntarily bilking the Treasury, you continue to be swayed along into the House, there to be rewarded, at last, for all your patience (if you have had any) by finding——" a little standing room !"

Ned. Tes. At least, however, you are in the House, father; which is better than going through all you have described, and when you have been squeezed out like an orange, in your course through the long, narrow passages, being stared in the face, at the end of your travels, by a board inscribed with the short but expressive words " PIT FULL !"

Tes. Silence, Sirrah !—In the next place comes what I might call *Sensitive's Chef d' œuvre!* in which he has stigmatized, at full

length, the crimes of the modern Artists,—and thus runs his Philippic:—

8. (S.)

A BAD EXHIBITION!—*le voici*:—After having paid at the Door for your approaching Misery, worked your way up the circular stone ladder to the Great Room, and there, at length, recovered yourself from the breathless, weary, giddy state in which you entered—you stand, for a few stupid moments, throwing about your eyes, in a vague, uneasy puzzle where to begin, and blinded at the outset by the dazzling assemblage of colours on all sides,—colours which, at the first glance, you perceive to be one half red hot, and the other stone cold.—All your attention, however, is soon imperiously demanded by one or two of those whole-length equestrian Gentlemen, far larger than life, who severally arrogate half a side of the room to themselves; each dismounted, hatless rider, with legs crossed, and arms folded, coolly lounging half-backward, against the shoulder of his rampant Charger—the animal, however, so completely petrified by the painter as at once to relieve you from the anxiety you were ready to feel at the sight of a fellow creature in so perilous a predicament.—Among these Colossal Likenesses, you are occasionally presented with a Statesman, idly *standing*

up by his table of business, scattered over with such a formidable heap of his own Bills, Acts, Treaties, and other parliamentary, or diplomatic lumber, that we do not wonder he should turn away from it all as he does—(" I cannot bear to think on what I've done—Look on't again I dare not!")—and apply his *hand*, instead of his *head*, to this *olio* of documents, which, in truth, as we contemplate his painted physiognomy, may very easily be supposed too much for him.—You are next summoned to admire *the Ladies*—likewise at full length;—one of these (and commonly a Nymph of Rank, too!) gaily and archly tripping out in a hurricane, by herself, in thin fluttering muslins, without cap, hat, or bonnet, by the side of a raging sea, where, if one may judge by the disposition of her limbs, and the archness of her countenance, she is practising an Allemande to the music of the thunder-claps which seem bursting over her in all directions—yet without the slightest marks of concern in her looks, or apparent apprehension of taking cold after dancing under such discouraging circumstances of dress, and weather!—With this Lady is forcibly contrasted another, not less remarkable, on her part, for the stiff and sullen composure with which she sits "forgetting herself to marble" under an huge tree, in a garden nearly as formal as its Mistress. But this is not the worst;—hitherto we

have, at least, seen the good Folk in their natural costumes:—now for a few privileged Countesses, or dashing Duchesses, who, burning for the palm of eccentricity, have resolved to astonish us *in disguise*:—to escape the vulgar stigma of being instantly known by her picture, *this* daring Beauty, with honest vanity, blazes, a Goddess, in the clouds;—while another courtly Charmer, hypocritically modest, coquettes under the tatters of a Gipsy!—The next figure is that of a prim Miss of 12 or 13, staring straight out of the picture, with one hand grown to her side, and the other to the monstrous head of a Newfoundland dog, *sitting up* exactly as high as *she stands*;—the Painter rejecting with a noble disdain, so trite and cheap a beauty in his art, as that of *grouping*.

As to the sublime department of *History*, I leave it out—as the Artists themselves are now obliged to do; their pencils being far too fully engrossed by the vanity of the living to be at leisure for the glories of the dead; and so you must content yourself with such an humble imitation of Historical Painting as you find displayed in the

Family Pieces!—in *one* of these, the worthy Originals, with equal attention to economy and benevolence, have caused I know not how many yards of canvass to be covered with paint by a young man in the country who "wants encouragement;"

and who has, accordingly, been encouraged to immortalise family-affection by representing Papa standing up at one end of the picture, and Mamma at the other, the peace being kept between them, without the loss of an inch of space, by their endless progeny, whose heights and ages the Artist has most accurately registered by stringing them straight out, closely linked together in a descending series, like the reeds of Pan's pipe—which they farther resemble in the lank uprightness of their figures, and the bilious deadness of their complexions.—The *next* of these Domestick Scenes reproaches the idleness so remarkable in the foregoing, by the great variety of employment which it exhibits, with the additional advantage of allowing more elbow-room to the fancy of the Painter; who, in the first place, has contrived to record, in the mother of the family, a truly exemplary instance of notability, combined with maternal tenderness; for she is seen, at the same point of time, engaged in nursing one child in her lap, rocking with her foot the cradle of another, hearing the task of a third, and eyeing the frolics of a fourth; and all this without seeming at all distracted from her needle, which she has just drawn out at the utmost stretch of her arm. The remaining children are all liberally supplied with such various occupations and amusements, as, when followed at

proper times and places, must be allowed to become their sexes and ages, but which we are not exactly prepared to see (as here) all going on at once in the same parlour. And yet, if the painter be supposed to have represented things faithfully, an exception must be made in favour of the young ladies of this extraordinary family, who can study their maps and globes, pore over their books, and even practise their musical lessons, without appearing once to know that those boisterous and unruly little Dogs, their brothers, are smacking their whips, beating their drums, scampering about the room with their waggons, &c. &c.—the very Baby in the cradle, instead of being frightened out of its wits, as might reasonably be expected, only appearing to be lulled into a still sounder sleep by the riotous gambols going on:—our first surprise at all this, however, is very much abated as we consider a little more narrowly the young gentlemen themselves; who, from the unbending stiffness of their limbs, and the stupid, motionless gravity of their countenances, are so far from impressing us with the idea of a set of noisy boys at play, that they have the exact appearance of having been suddenly arrested, all round, in the midst of their pranks, by the touch of Harlequin's sword. But nothing in the whole scene before us so powerfully excites our astonishment and admiration, as the incorrible phlegm

of *the Father;* who (though with plenty of leisure on his hands,) neither takes a book—pays the slightest attention to his wife—overlooks the improvements of his girls—enters into the sports of his boys—is at all put out of his way by the racket they are making — nor concerns himself about the feelings of his slumbering infant;—but, stuck forward quite by himself, with his back to all the party, his lips glued to each other, and his bullet-eyes wide open, (though evidently seeing nothing,) simply sits impaled in his chair, like Rosicrusius's statue!—From the above important personages in all the diginity of full dimensions, you now turn to others, less presumptuous, in *half-length*; whom you find fairly and honestly repreented under the operation of sitting for their pictures, and all surrendering themselves up, with different degrees of resignation, and with various distortions of attitude, to their respective Executioners.—For these, a very cursory examination suffices;—when, in some fatal moment, as you are seeking for better entertainment, an upward glance of your eye introduces you to those poor creatures, in reduced sizes, who are sent to Coventry at the top of the room, and strung along, by way of cornice, close under the cieling; figures!—but what language can adequately report them?—their wooden features—their mortified complexions—

their sneaking, disconsolate, condemned looks—their quizzical head-dresses—their paste-board draperies—their brick-dust curtains, increasing, by contrast, the chalkiness of their cheeks—and that general and inveterate hardness of manner, which instantly chases away all idea of the elasticity of flesh, and the flexibility of cloth or linen:—hard!—*adamant* is *pap* to it!—But this rage for portraits is by no means limited to the *human* race—it has seized upon the *Quadrupeds* too; a few of whom afford us very plausible reasons for suspecting that they sat (I mean *stood*) without any consultation with their masters. Among these, for instance, you shall come to the mere *elevations* of a pair of Coach-horses, in harness, who shew all the symptoms of having slipped away from the carriage by mutual consent, and trotted off, just as they were, to the Artist's door, making signs that they wished to be painted;—for there they stand, side by side, in all their trappings, apropos to nothing, without a single *Biped* in sight to take charge of their heads, and with exactly such a back-ground to their portraits (a stable-door—and nothing else!) as the Cattle themselves would have been likely to bespeak.—But enough, and ten thousand times too much, of Portraits; though, in truth, the walls are *wainscotted* with them. However,

Fancy has also been allowed a little room to

sport in; and the Artist, to do him justice, has made the most of it.—In this walk of the Art, you shall be treated with some mawkish *Allegory*, representing (as you are kindly told) Innocence, Modesty, Benevolence, and other good qualities, tenderly embracing, and crowning one another's busts with chaplets and garlands, while they are lighted along (in broad day-light!) by sundry naked link-boys in the air, under the notion of Cupids and Genii.—Next comes a parcel of Months, or Hours, (in petticoats,) smiling, and dancing jigs round another emblem, in the shape of a good-humoured-looking woman in green, whom we are to call *Spring*:—I don't find that they have yet got to changing the Minutes, Seconds, and other inferior parts of Clock-work, into little fluttering Urchins; —but never fear!

Getting away from all this, you'll have a Scene taken from the last volume of Mrs. ———'s new novel of *Ethelwinda*, or some such thing;—*this*, however, you *cannot* look at;—and so, as you wander on, yawning away all your breath, your eyes, and thoughts, are suddenly, and peremptorily, fixed by an object which makes every other performance in the allegory-line seem absolutely sober, and rational:—it is—it is—what is it?—why, it is—

A specimen of the *awful!*—a Piece equally stupendous in size and subject, and evidently put

evidently put together with a resolute determination to drive the poor planet-struck spectator out of his senses.—How can I hope, or attempt, to describe *that*, the very quintessence of which is to be not even conceivable?—where the Painter, with "his eye in a fine frenzy rolling," and plunged out of all sight and reach into a bottomless gulf of mystery, has set himself to conjure into presence *Things* which might be thought too wild, prodigious, and appalling, even for the grasp of imagination, collectively presenting to us the semblance of having been furiously thrown off in the dark on the astonished canvass, from the disordered pallets of all the painters in the Universe—Things, which be it permitted me, in language as sublimely indeterminate as are the forms of my tremendous Original, to characterise as a sort of Maniac's Vision, embodied into a rolling Chaos, turbulently brewed up out of the warring rudiments of Smoke! Blood! Fire! Night! Whirlwind! Earth! and Water!—all these, and a thousand other alarming ingredients without name, being magically worked round into a murky, burning vortex, or angry Halo upon Halo, of indistinct and preternatural agglomerations!—a ruinous huddle of every thing spiritual and material—real and conjectural—within and without the precincts of possible Nature — and of every mingling shape, shade,

colour, quality, and consistence—the whole congregated mass of discordances tumultuously wheeling, dashing, boiling, and thundering together, in one giddy Storm of.....NOTHING!—So much for the *Landscape* part;—but as no landscape is complete without its *Figures*, we are next to observe that this lurid whirl of miscellaneous Monstrosities—this obscure and turbid fermentation of floundering Abortions, should seem to be inhabited by Beings—or rather, ambiguous and reserved innuendos of Beings—fluctuating somewhere among the shadowy and unsettled nomenclatures of Incantation—Demon—Wizzard—Griffin—Goblin—Demogorgon, &c. &c. a description (or non-description) of people who may, after all, be imagined to pass their time contentedly, and even comfortably, in a *situation* apparently so well provided with every accommodation adapted to their peculiar tastes, habits, and amusements!—What, indeed, may be the particular business of these "questionable Shapes," upon the scene, on the present occasion, it is the farthest in the world from the scope of the Painter's *design*, to insinuate (still less to let out) to us through our Catalogues;—but, upon the whole, it may be dimly surmised, that the compound confusion which we are lost in wondering at, may be obliquely borrowed (every thing being anxiously improved into still deeper difficulty by the address of the pencil) from

from some of the darkest pages that could be found in Dante, Milton, Ossian, Ariosto, &c. &c. and that, in this state, the result has been abandoned to the imaginations of the various spectators, to be warped and tortured by every one, in his own way, into any scheme—or dissolution of a scheme—whether moral, marvellous, mystical, mythological, or historical, with which the *circumstances* may happen at the moment to be thought least irreconcileable!

But let us hasten to repose the affrighted eye upon the *Landscapes*—with their meagre subjects —lying perspective — timid handling — frittered lights—lumpy shadows—indigo skies—saffron sands —forward back-grounds—backward fore-grounds —trees and meadows carefully coloured from an emerald—and water of *such* an hue and surface, that, forgetting for a moment the season represented, we look narrowly after the *Skaiters!*

Having suffered all this in the *upper Story*—with the addition of being squeezed and melted in a June mob, till you look, and feel, like a *buttered Mummy*—you are glad to crawl down stairs; and the rather, as you will be thus far advanced on your progress out of the house. In descending, you turn, by a mechanical impulse, into the middle rooms, where you are to encounter wretchedness on a still lower scale. Here, without slackening your pace as you walk the round; you throw

a hasty frown from side to side, with your under lip at your nose, and the corners of your mouth at your chin, upon *more* heads and shoulders, and these, too, in *crayons*—affording striking examples of worse styles by the help of worse materials.—Then come various still-born efforts, in black-lead pencil, from the hands of academical Tyros—tawdry portraits of tall exotic roots, and plants; with, here and there, a flaring flower-piece; (these, however, with becoming modesty, generally skulk out of sight, about the window-pannels;)—and, to name no more, wan historical sketches, in water-colour, by young ladies, &c. &c.—Some slight curiosity you feel to glance over the *Miniatures*,—but *who* can ever make his way to these, *except every body but yourself?*

At length, in the best (because the last) room on the *Ground-floor*, your delightful and instructive survey finishes with imaginary Elevations of Bridges that never will be built—naked fronts of huge white Houses, that sicken every eye but those of the Architect and the Owner—and chuckle-headed busts, in plaster, of obscure, pudding-faced Moderns, who are nothing so little as heroic!

Your task is now over!—but not the harrassed, languid, and exhausted state of mind and body, in which, with aching, smarting eye-balls, you have been loitering about for the last hour or two, long

after the glimmering of satisfaction with which you had contemplated the two or three tolerable pieces, had been irrecoverably extinguished.

Ned Tes. Upon the whole, however, one has here a noble opportunity, father, for reaping the advantages which Sir J. Reynolds tells us are to be derived from studying bad pictures!

Tes. And *I* have *as* noble an opportunity for trying my new crab-stick upon your skull, Mr. Ned; and, faith, if I hear any more of your wisdom, I shall be tempted to seize it, you dog.

9. (S.)

The gallery at the Opera-House—restricting you, not merely to a bird's-eye view of the Dancers, but to a bird's-ear sound of the Singers.—Item,

10. (S.)

The loss of your delight in looking at the faces of the female Performers, after the enchantment has been dissolved by a closer inspection behind the scenes.

Ned Tes.——Saves one from falling in love with an Opera-girl, though, Sir; which, I

have heard 'em say, is apt to make a fool of a man.

11. (S.)

After going very early to the Opera, for the sole purpose of hearing a celebrated duo, in the *first* act, (for which you had always come in too late,) learning from the bill, as you take your seat, that you are to be cut short off with the *second*, which you already know by heart.

12. (S.)

At the Play—just as you are beginning to recover yourself, after a song of unequalled length and insipidity, to which the singer has *added* the *deficiencies* of taste, time, and tune,—"encore! encore!"—from every mouth in the house but your own, which is fully taken up with hissing, and gaping, alternately.

13. (S.)

In the side-boxes, on a crowded night, while you are as hot as Africa, and as thirsty,—being compelled by your situation repeatedly to decline the orange-basket; with the additional tantalization of seeing the *Pittites* below you sucking away without fear, or shame.

14. (S.)

In a front-row at a tragedy, while completely absorbed in the distresses of the scene, suddenly feeling that you can bear it no longer, and so rushing out of the house with a bleeding—nose!

15. (T.)

The present *reformed* state of the Dramatis Personæ at the Theatres, consisting in a total transposition of ages and characters among the Performers; the Matrons and Seniors of the Stage frisking and dashing through the parts of Romps, and Rakes; while their little ones are laying down those of Tom Thumb, the Children in the Wood, &c. and getting leave from their Mammas to "round their baby-brows" with crowns and tiaras, as the toddling Zaras, and lisping Lears, of the scene. I last night went to the House, in a humour to be rationally amused, and little thinking to find any thing under full age and size upon the boards—and there did I see one of these Tyrants from the Nursery (*It* was in Bajazet!) turning its trip into a strut, like a Lilliputian Grenadier, trying to knit its brow, and flourishing its little falchion at an overgrown victim of its vengeance, who was bending half way down, to hear more distinctly the penny-trumpet tones in which he was threatened;—he

was discreet enough, however, to seem quite unmoved by it all; for fear, no doubt, of acting upon the wrong muscles in the countenances of the audience.—Why, now, *we* may laugh, or swear, at all this, as we please; but the Public sees no joke in the case: the boobies are now getting to choose their players, as they do their pease;—the smaller and younger the better!—Plague take the folly, where will it stop?—for as to what I have now stated, it is nothing!—absolutely nothing!—In *the Country*, they are getting far beyond us; it was but last week that, as I was riding by a provincial Theatre, my eye was caught by the huge letters of a bill on the walls; you may guess what I felt, when, on looking it over, I found what follows:—

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL.

On MONDAY next will be presented

THE TEMPEST.

In which, by particular desire, the Part of CALIBAN will be performed for her own Benefit by

MISS BIDDY SUCKLING,

An Infant not yet quite four years old! and who appeared in the same character *almost two years ago* with such universal applause at the Theatre, Dublin.

N. B. The

Tes. Worked up to a frenzy, as well I might be, with all this, I continued my "Excursion," as they call it,—and these are the fruits:—

MISERIES OF TRAVELLING.

Groan 1. (S.)

Mak'ng a tour (for want of a better companion) with a man whose objects in travelling are all at right angles with your own; and who continually drags you aside from *your* searches after the picturesque, to follow *his* after botanical or mineralogical rarities.

2. (T.)

While at dinner at an inn—on asking the waiter a variety of questions respecting the seats, families, curiosities, &c. of the place and neighbourhood, obtaining from him no other information, except—that he has none to give!

3. (T.)

Going to an inn at a busy time, on an hired horse which you had never seen before, and of which you have taken so little notice, that when

the hostler (whose recollection of him fails also,) inquires which of about 50 horses in the stable is yours, you are reduced to *conjecture*.

Ned Tes. (*aside.*) I'm afraid, then, that his next Groan will be—" to be taken up as a horse-stealer."

4. (S.)

On entering an inferior inn under *less dazzling* circumstances than usual, and expressing your wish to have dinner—to be told that there is no separate apartment for you, but that you can dine in the " Travellers' room ;" to which when hunger has, at length, forced you to consent, you find not only a want of that respect which you are disposed to claim, but an assumption of consequence, and even superiority, founded on the consciousness felt by these gentlemen, that, from the double habit of frequenting the house, and of liberally throwing about their allowance-money on the road, they can procure better attendance than a stranger to the House, who has also to recollect that he is spending his own money, can expect, or at least—obtain.

5. (S.)

While walking on the high-road—to be suddenly and sociably joined by a man who is going

the same way, and is not to be discouraged by the dry, repulsive hauteur with which you receive his advances towards conversation; the great misfortune being that he is neither entertaining, so that you can forgive his familiarity for the sake of his advantages—nor altogether a plebeian, so that you can cut him without ceremony—nor insolent, so that you can knock him down, and thus drop *him* and his acquaintance together.

6. (T.)

On a pedestrian excursion—finding, as you get on, that you are not repaid by your raptures for the trouble of carrying your wardrobe at your back.

Ned Tes. Suppose you publish a burlesque account of your Tour, father, under the title of "Travelling made easy; or every Man his own Portmanteau!"

Tes. Pah!—

7. (S.)

Riding through an enchanting county on a horse so entirely devoted to starting, that he withdraws all your attention from the prospects to his ears, as the index of his plots upon your seat.

8. (T.)

A horse with an unceasing trick of nodding and bobbing his head up and down, as if he had a bowing acquaintance with every thing he meets.

9. (T.)

In driving a gig — at the moment when you are most in want of your whip, for the purpose of turning your horse out of the way of a carriage which suddenly dashes close by you,—the lash fast locked up in the shaft or harness.

10. (S.)

At an inn, with a friend—a double-bedded room; and this obtained with much difficulty as a mitigation of your first sentence, by which you were condemned to have but one pair of sheets between you.

Ned Tes. Its a good thing, though, to be double guarded, in case of house-breakers.

11. (T.)

When travelling without a servant—overseeing the operation of changing the luggage of your well-crammed chaise; leaving you to choose between the

two plans of shivering and loitering about the inn-yard in the rain while it is doing, or leaving all your property to be stolen at leisure in your absence.

12. (S.)

Taking a farewell ride with a friend for the purpose of talking over many important matters which you had no fair opportunity of discussing before—you being mounted on a slight poney, he on a stout horse of 15½ hands; the consequence of which is soon discovered to be that you might as well have shaken hands before you started; not one of *your* paces suiting with any of *his;* except perhaps, that his common trot is just a match for your top speed, —which last, however, is not just the pace for grave and quiet discourse.

13. (T.)

Going alone to the Isle of Wight with barely three days in pocket, in which it is just possible to visit every principal place in the island—an object, however, effectually intercepted by a series of blustering rains, which welcome you to your Head-quarters at Newport, and divert you by tapping and trickling at your windows, as long as you remain.—I say nothing of your *other* domestic enjoyments at the inn during this sedentary excursion!

14 (T.)

When you are at least a dozen miles from a farrier's shop—your horse first casting his shoe, and then—his rider.

15. (T.)

On a Tour—just as you are entering that part of the country which is the principal object of your curiosity—a letter of recal by express.

16. (S.)

On taking out your travelling memorandum-book at your return from a long and interesting Tour—every remark irrecoverably effaced by the friction of the saddle against your coat pocket: then, on trying to recover them by your head, finding that a similar obliteration has taken place *there*, by the friction of *time* against your *memory*.

17. (S.)

After toiling all night to the top of Snowdon, for the sole purpose of seeing the Sun rise, seeing only —the rain fall!

18. (S.)

In a post-chaise—the option of being starved or stunned; the first from the rush of cold air if you

let down the window, the second from its deafening jingle if you keep it up.

19. (S.)

At some country-town remarkable for the various objects of curiosity in its neighbourhood—going impatiently to the Library to purchase an account of them. Opening the book, you find it entitled "A faithful Guide to ———— and its Environs;" instead of (as you soon find it ought to have been) "A Hotch-potch of Misinformation, chiefly Stolen, and spoiled in the Stealing." On tossing over a few pages, you fall upon some local description, delivered pretty much in the following strain of thought and expression:

"In this Heaven-favoured spot, the curious traveller cannot fail to be in a pleasing rapture of astonishment, as his eye wanders over the enchanted landscape!—Here, the surprising range of rocks, zigzagging away in all directions, that seem to frown defiance in the off-skip—there, the tall waving woods impending over that never-to-be-half-enough-admired river the Wye, as it majestically sails and serpentizes along—*is* all generally allowed to be—transporting enough.—On another side, you gaze with an agreeable stupefaction on "the cloud-capt Tow'rs," (as our immortal Swan of Avon so sweetly sings) rising with a sullen dignity (as it

were) to grace and beautify the soul-ravishing scene; while, as far as the wondering eye can strain its opticks, the colossal mountains of Cambria seem to claim the meed of admiration from every beholder of a delicate taste:

See Cambria's hills, high, elevate, and tall,
The Gogs, and Magogs of Creation's scheme,
That proudly soaring (one may justly say)
'Bove all the plodding bustle of mankind,
O'er-sway the circling horizon around.
Happy's the youth that climbs your cliffs, to ken
Yon East and Orient orb in cloudless glare,
Agog to give his gay good morrow to the Sun!

Indeed the whole assemblage of objects — look where you will—must be owned to be exceeding magnificent and diverting — in their way; and finely calculated to afford a rich repast to such of the Nobility and Gentry, whose hearts are not yet corrupted by the Syren haunts of dissipation, or hardened by the ruffian thirst of power," &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

20. (T.)

A Tour on the Continent;—or, in other words, a long fit of sea-sickness, introductory to a series of journies, presenting—roads without turn-pikes—carriages without springs—horses without strength—

postilions without feeling—cookery without cleanliness—beds, *not* without vermin—charges without moderation — streets without flag-stones — houses without friends—questions without answers—absence without letters—and "Miseries" without.... end!

Tes. One or two parting hits at Stage-coaches, and then good bye to the Road for ever.

21. (T.)

Sleeping (or rather lying) over night at the sordid Inn from which your coach is to start before day-break:—then, at 1 or 2 o'clock in a January morning, to be terrified out of your senses by the stumping, blundering Yahoo of an hostler, as he bolts in, with a lanthorn at your eyes, and suddenly breaks out with a wry-mouthed bray of—"any body here for VEY-mouth!—GLOS-ter!—Oos-ter!" &c.

Exsurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.

Ned Tes.

"Hark! hard! the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he stares around!"

——When you have cursed him out, and just as you have at length happily forgotten him in sweetly-stealing slumbers, the *Caliban* again invades your dungeon in his sleep-scaring round, with his YA—A—A—rmouth !——BA—A—A—rmouth! ——FA—A—A—'mouth !——and so on, through every hour, and half-hour, of the night; till, when *your* coach is finally at the door, you are far on your way to Bedlam.

22. (S.)

At the Inn where the Coach "*stops to dine*"—an operation which *you* reserve for the end of the journey—gloomily loitering by yourself about the Inn-yard, where you fill up the interesting interval by wondering whether it will rain, and casting, between whiles, an idle glance at the fox, the goat, or the raven.

23. (S.)

Overtaking, on horseback, a coach as long and as crowded as the Margate Hoy, at the farthest extremity of which you suddenly espy the face (unseen for many a year) of one of your oldest and dearest friends—with the pungent necessity of shooting your affectionate accosts, enquiries, and details, at each other, through two endless ranks of silent, curious, unsympathizing strangers.

Ned Tes. But I observe, father, you have, of late, gone a great deal more into *Company* than you used to do;—did'nt you find—

Tes. O yes! I found—I found all this:—or rather Sensitive found it—for I have contrived to lose the best part of my own notes, and what follows is mostly taken from *his* budget:—

MISERIES OF SOCIAL LIFE.

Groan 1. (S.)

A set, solemn, Sunday tea-drinking in the Country—wholly unsupported either by a dinner before, or a supper after it, and to which every house within 5 miles has contributed a Quizz, a Cat, or a Miss of 14;—a meeting without music—without cards—without (for once) even the voice of Scandal!—and of which the prominent, nay *only* feature, is that of taking weak tea in a dumb, motionless circle, with not a sound to be heard but the murmur of sipping lips:—even this is soon to cease!—In the awful moments that follow, (not a snarl from Pug—not a scream from "Pol"—not a prank from Jacky, to "thaw the numbing spell,") —on turning for refuge to *the weather*, as your

only unfailing friend, you find yourself, even there, shut out; the atmosphere having long been in a state so cruelly neutral as to leave no opening for comment: you therefore surrender yourself up in blank despair to a silence broken only by an occasional timid hem (without huskiness) from a Female, or a whispered whistle, (without even the pretence of a tune,) from a Male!

2. (S.)

On paying a promised visit, with more than indifference on both sides—a mutual discovery that each party has sacrificed to the present engagement a scheme which had subsequently offered itself, with every attraction of interest and pleasure.

3. (S.)

Exposure to Vulgarity, in all its boundless range of abomination.

4. (S.)

The state of writhing torture into which you are occasionally thrown by the sudden and unexpected questions, or remarks, of a child, before a large company;—a little wretch of your own, for instance, that will run up to an unmarried lady, (one who would rather be thought a youthful Sinner, than an elderly Saint,) and then harrow you by crying

out, before you have time to gag it,—"Now do, Miss—let me count the *creases* in your face—there's one, there's two, there's three," &c.—or, accosting another lady in the same explicit strain, electrifies you by breaking out with—"Why do you come here so often? for, do you know, my Aunt always says she can't abide you—don't you, Aunt?" &c. &c.

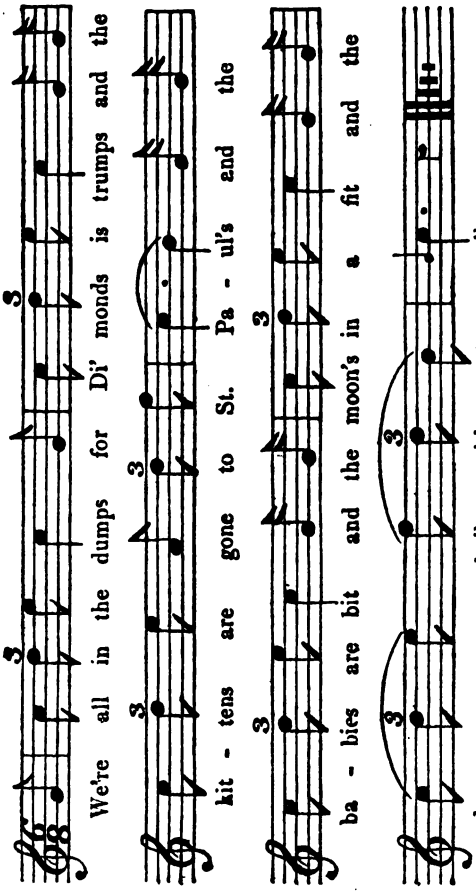
5. (S.)

Nay, falling unwarily into the same abyss *yourself*; for instance:—while you are busily leaning over your writing, drawing, &c. with two other persons in the room—a friend, and an enemy—hearing the *latter* (as you have some reason or other for supposing) go out; then, with your eyes still upon your paper, suddenly venting all your smothered spleen against the Absentee to the remaining person, whose unaccountable silence, in return, induces you to raise your head from your employment, and————!!!

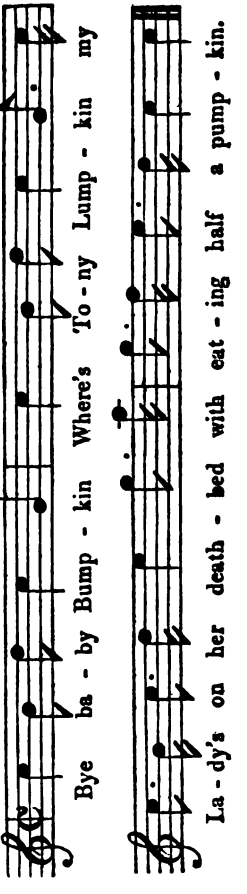
6. (T.)

At a house, swarming with spoiled children—the polite tranquillity of manner and countenance for which you have to labour during the outrageous, incessant, and unchecked aggressions upon which the quiet of the conversation, by one

or other of the nest, for half a day together—and all this where you are not sufficiently on terms of *friendship* to shew your *enmity;* so that you are fain to sit under it all, gulping down your feelings, or perhaps stroking the cheeks of the dear little pests,—with every finger itching for a very different kind of touch:—nay, should you chance to be delivered, for a few minutes, from these taller urchins, who have learned to walk and talk, (I mean, to *stamp* and *roar*,) their places are instantly supplied by detachments from the cradle; for, before you can take breath, in pours a whole troop of nurses, each armed with a fractious brat, by way of relieving guard. And now a new sort of sport immediately commences—the little ones setting up their pipes all at once, at the first glimpse of the stranger, and every Abigail vociferously soothing her own squawler with a volley of nursery nonsense; till at length all the Cry are sent out—*Mamma's Poppet* only excepted, for which she undertakes that "it will be as quiet as a little lamb in a moment," and accordingly proceeds to *still* it by a shrill charm made up of the following sorts of ingredients:—(*Testy sings.*)


We're all in the dumps for Di' monds is trumps and the
kit - tens are gone to St. Pa - ul's and the
ba - bies are bit and the moon's in a fit and the
hou - ses are built with - out walls.

Or if this should fail, (*Testy sings again.*)



All, however, is without avail;—in spite of the wisdom of the words, and the richness of the melody, the grievance grows, rather than diminishes, under the operation of these cradle-canzonettes;—till, "perplexed in the extreme," you fly the ground in a sort of muffled frenzy, leaving Mamma and *Pop* to { cry / sing } it out between them.

8. (S.)

To be amused, all dinner-time, with hearing a hot-headed Master abuse his silent servants.

Tes. O the Rascal!—I shrewdly suspect this is a blow in the dark at *me*.

9. (S.)

Falling into a Party who have lived so much together as to have a thousand topics, jests, allusions, &c. in common, which are perpetually bandied from eye to eye, and from mouth to mouth—*you* quite abroad the whole time, and sitting like a foreigner among natives.

10. (S.)

Hearing two persons fight over again, point by point, their last night's rubber.

11. (S.)

The protecting affability of one whose claim of superiority over you is derived from the Herald-office, or the Bank.

12. (S.)

A fellow who shortens your life by perpetually quoting the authority of some man by whom he swears, upon all sorts of subjects and occasions—annulling your reasons, and even disproving your facts, with — "No, Sir, it can't be — Mr. C. thinks (or says, or feels, or finds,) quite the contrary:"—or, "well, perhaps, you may be in the right; however, I shall see Mr. C. tomorrow, and then I'll ask *him*:"—nay, even on matters of merely animal taste or preference, still leans upon his grand prop; as—"I am very fond of plumb-pudding;—so is Mr. C. indeed—Mr. C. is very fond of plumb-pudding too," &c.

13. (S.)

After having agreed upon a delightful Tour with two or three chosen companions, and arranged every previous particular in the most prosperous manner—the day arrived—the equipage at the door—and nothing wanting but your friends, whom you every instant expect to see come into the room in *boots* and *spirits* for the occasion—the postman's rap! followed by a letter from each, the contents of which I need not declare.

14. (S.)

To be dragged by a soi-disant man of taste through every corner of his new *Place*, within and without doors—lumber-rooms, offices, and out-houses included;—every thing of his own whole and sole contrivance, and consequently displayed and commented on with an air of exultation which almost prescribes for you the speeches you are to keep making all the way.—Having no talents, however, for seeming charmed, when you are nauseated, you are to take your choice between telling sweet lies faintly and clumsily—and so selling your conscience for nothing—or raking his ear with one sweeping broad side of plain truth; as, "Sir, your House is a shew-box, and your Grounds a tea-garden."

15. (S.)

Finding yourself reduced by your own stupidity either to beg for the explanation of a joke which all the rest of the company are enjoying—or to keep your gravity, while you are longing to lose it—or, lastly, to be "guilty of extorting" a laugh from yourself "under false pretences."

16. (S.)

Sitting by, while the merits and demerits of a popular novel which you have not yet read, but

which you must shortly *attack* in you own *defence*, are discussed at large—catastrophe and all.

17. (S.)

As you are reading a deeply interesting and affecting Tragedy, aloud, to a party of Ladies at work —the interludes with which your fair hearers occasionally enliven the solemnity of the plot; as, —"Pray stop a moment Mr. S———; —My dear, do you think I had better sew on this border, or don't you think it would have a prettier air, plaited?—" Do, Miss P. shew me how you do that stitch."—"Hang this thimble— do, Sister, let me try yours" &c. &c.

18. (T.)

At a flat evening-visit—long after you have been tortured with violent longings to be gone—endeavouring, at last, to catch the eye of your tattling wife, and interchange the mysterious signal; yet, though you have pointed her like a partridge for an hour, she will not *rise*.

Tes. And now for a specimen or two of a peculiar sort of idiotism with which I am perpetually pestered by the blockheads that fall

in my way, and which can be explained only by examples.—This, for instance:—

19. (T.)

Seeing two distant acquaintances meet in the street, give each other the bow, and the smile, and so pass on:—thus far all may do well enough; but the *groaning* matter is to see the loggerheads, while moving farther and farther off, with their backs to each other, *beginning* to take off their hats, and continuing, for a dozen yards together, to keep up their muttered compliments, and sweet grimaces, at nothing—or lavishing the remains of a simper on an hundred passing strangers, who very rightly set them down as harmless Lunatics, suffered to walk out on their parole.

20. (T.)

Another.—On taking your leave of a neighbour, at the end of a morning-visit, receiving from him a pressing invitation to stay to dinner:—this, as I said before, might pass;—but the sting of the business is, after you have repeatedly, and positively, declined the offered civility, and given, at full length, 20 insurmountable reasons why you cannot dine from home on that particular day, of all others in the year—to be attacked again (just as if you had been saying nothing at all to the purpose) with

—" Well but, now,—dear me—*can't* you dine with us, I say?—Do, that's a good fellow."—

Tes. Who could stand this?—For my part, in my first transports, I had actually lifted up my fist to knock the rascal down.

21. (T.)

Another time, the call is made upon *you;* and *that,* by a man with whom you are upon all the forms of etiquette:—He enters your room quite unexpectedly, and finds you entirely alone, and either with your fiddle in your hand,—or lost in attention to your books or papers,—or, perhaps, lustily working the dumb-bells. Whichever it may be—what speech do you suppose is the most rational he can find to accost you with, after coming 7 or 8 miles on purpose to pay you his visit of compliment?—Nothing less than " Pray don't let me disturb you, Sir!"—No—he shan't!—the next time he surprizes me at my studies, I'll take him at his word, and so leave him to his own thoughts for as many hours as he pleases to stay, while I stick to my book like Duns Scotus.

22. (T.)

Again:—seeing a Numbscull pick up his hat

which had just been blown off into the mire, and then set himself very diligently to rubbing it with the sleeve of his coat—as if he were at all a gainer by shifting the dirt from one part of his dress to another.

Tes. I could go on for an hour with Miseries, in the shape of *follies;* but I am saved the trouble:—pray, Master Ned, have you ever had wit enough to read a Spanish Novel called "The Adventures of Gusman d'Alfarache?"—Not you, I'll be sworn;—and so, as nobody else reads it neither, and for the same reason because nobody knows what's worth reading, I shall refer them to the "Rules, or Orders," there laid down for the Government of the "Hospital of Fools,"—with the "Follies" annexed:—the following sample will shew them what sort of thing they have to expect:—

He that shall walk through any public or private place that is paved with brick or stone, and shall go with a great deal of care and study, pitching either his toes or his heels in such a direct line, side, or corner of the said bricks or stones, we will and command that he abstain from and reform this his foolery, upon pain of such punishments as we

shall cause to be inflicted upon him as a violator and breaker of our laws.

Tes. After such sketches of "Social Life," who would not wish to be a cabbage?—Well but—hark'ee, Ned—as you seem to have given me half a grain more of attention during this conference than I have ever had from you before, and as I have an hour upon my hands that I'm at a loss what to do with, I don't know that I won't treat you with the remainder of my "Imitations," as I half-promised some time ago:—do you remember any thing of the matter, Sirrah?

Ned. Tes. O yes, Sir,—the *Magazines:*—I was just thinking whether I might venture to remind you of it.

Tes. Well, well, then—as you were so fond of these pretty Miscellanies, when I was last going to make my attack upon them, let me see whether you'll continue to cry them up, after you have heard *me* cry them down. Whether Sensitive, or I, have had most hand in these copies, is a question you have nothing to do with; its enough for you that all we have done is to employ the weapons with

which the blockheads annoy us, against themselves—and that I call fair fighting.—The first on our list is one of those Ideots in spectacles, called *Antiquaries*. Such a fellow shall accidentally pick up, in the course of his walk, an old *crab-shell*, which, in the blindness of his antiquarian fury, he shall consider as an inestimable treasure, and, running home in a heat, call about him for pen, ink, and paper, and then honour it with some such pompous celebration as the following, addressed in a letter to the Editor of his favourite Magazine:—

To the Editor of the ——— Magazine.

Sir,

On visiting, in the month of June last, one of the celebrated Wells near Matlock, I observed, at the bottom of a hedge, into which it had, probably, been thrown by its ignorant or incurious Discoverer, and at the distance of about a hundred yards from the water, a petrifaction such as I had never seen, and which I, therefore, eagerly made my own: the following is as correct a description of it as the peculiar circumstances of the thing to be described will allow me to present to your Readers. The

Body in question being, like other bodies in a state of petrifaction, rendered inaccessible to the touch by the adscititious covering in which it is envelopped, can be considered in none of its natural or artificial conditions, beside those of form, colour, and dimensions; all these, however, from the remarkable transparency of the hardened external fluid, are very perspicuously discernible.

Its form, then, regarded laterally, or around its extremities, is a broad ellipse; and its superficies exhibits a figure either concave, or convex, according as one or the other of its faces may be turned to the eye of the spectator; so as, on the whole, to present immediately to the *mind* an image of the ancient *Testudo*, fabled to have been invented by Mercury; as it probably presents to the *eye* the reality of the *Lyra*, said to have been constructed by the Grecians, originally, and afterward, by the Romans, their Conquerors, and scholars, in imitation of that shell.

Whilst, however, I hazard the above conjecture, I must not conceal a circumstance or two which may seem to weaken its probability; for, in the first place, with respect to the measurement of this extraordinary substance, (so far as it can be ascertained without actual contact, which the surrounding incrustation renders obviously impracticable,) it does not appear to have more than six inches of

length, by about 4½ of breadth—dimensions, it must be granted, considerably smaller than we are warranted in ascribing to the ancient Lyra by the most accredited descriptions of that instrument which have descended to our times; for, as to the *instrument itself*, Dr. Burney's indefatigable searches after a real specimen, both at home and abroad, were finally, and completely, disappointed. In the second place, the convex surface of the relick, though faintly marked, in certain places, by various indentations, is by no means distinctly portioned into those pentangular divisions which characterise the back of the *sea-tortoise*, which, as all authorities consent, was the basis of the genuine *Testudo;* and by this word I always mean the musical instrument which bore that name. Having thus liberally volunteered an objection to my own hypothesis, I may fairly be allowed in some measure to invalidate that objection, by suggesting, that the superior surface of the true Testudo being only a shelly matter, with which the horny substance of its back is separately laminated, the Roman artist, in imitating his ancient model, would naturally have preserved a like distinction of parts, by overlaying a ruder with a more elaborated material; and, on this supposition, the exterior, figured coating, by the very circumstance of being artificially superinduced upon the substratum, may

be very probably imagined to have worn, or dropped away, and so, to have left exposed a new and plainer superficies beneath.

The *colour* of this curious remain, which is of a sub-fusc, or dusky green, (herein exactly according with that of the sea-tortoise, or turtle, a creature sufficiently known to naturalists, *and others*,) is a further circumstance to be produced in behalf of the conjecture to which your readers will readily perceive that I incline.

But my last, and perhaps, principal, inducement to the formation of this hypothesis, is the having discovered (or seemed to discover) by the application of a powerful microscope, four small holes distinctly perforated, at equal distances, in the upper—and a like number, at opposite points, in the lower—ends of the ellipse; so as strongly, if not unavoidably, to suggest to the nice observer, that through these foramina were originally passed the four strings, or chords, which are universally assigned to the Testudo, or Lyra, and by which, in truth, it was constituted an instrument of music.

The temporary residence of the Romans in the County of Derby, which my theory supposes, requires no proof; it is irrefragably attested, as by a variety of other memorials, so, particularly, by the frequent discovery of coins, and other antiquities of that nation, in the vicinity of the town of

Bakewell, which, moreover, is suspected, on good grounds, to have been a place of favourite resort with the Roman soldiers, for the advantage of the baths for which it has been immemorially celebrated.

I am aware, Mr. Editor, that although my subject is not yet brought to an end, I have already proposed to encroach farther upon your space than the communicator of an article in its nature not generally interesting, can reasonably be allowed to do; and I the more willingly hold my hand for the present, as I am desirous of taking the opinions, and appealing to the experience, of your more curious Readers upon what I have here submitted to their consideration: according to what I may collect, through the channel of your invaluable Magazine, I shall produce, or suppress, two other conjectural efforts, whereby an explanation of the substance I have been describing, is attempted on wholly different principles.

I remain, in the mean time, Sir,

Your great admirer, and constant reader,

SCRUTATOR.

Tes. Let this specimen of Antiquities suffice; for there would be no end of producing

other equally minute decriptions, with accurate plates annexed, of objects full as attractive as the foregoing;—such as a chipping from the fragment of the supposed handle of an Etruscan pipkin—the rowel of a Norman spur—the brazen relick of some inscrutable inscription, its illegibility being religiously emulated by the Engraver—the prong of an Anglo-Saxon toasting-fork, or some of the bowl of a sacrificial spoon — the navel of an antediluvian baboon, pickled in Palestine immediately after the Flood, and now preserved in England—the *profile* of a *noseless* Abbot; or the crumbling figure of an unknown Saint, flat on its back, and sticking up the ruins of its thumbs and fingers; the whole statue, drapery and all, being mouldered and mutilated beyond all guess even at the sex of the obsolete Worthy! &c. &c. &c.

I shall next touch upon the more interesting department of *Criticism*, as it is generally managed in these rare Miscellanies, where a Correspondent shall exultingly come forward, with a Shakspeare in his hand, and kindly find out for us the true meaning of some choice passage, which not all the Critics, Commentators, and Editors together, with the

Author himself at their head, ever once had the sagacity to smell out;—and thus *he* writes:—

Mr. Editor,

THE Commentators on Shakspeare, like careless or awkward reapers, have left much to be picked up after them by the gleaners. Among these, permit *me* to offer to your readers a specimen of my humble labours in our Poet's inexhaustible field. Should you approve my first sample, I will continue to transmit others, till the critical sheaf which I have scraped together is exhausted.

For the present, I shall content myself with producing a well-known passage from Hamlet, (Act III. Scene 4.) which is usually, but most absurdly, printed and punctuated thus:

" An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the Herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;" &c.

Now, were ever good sense, and good poetry, Mr. Editor, so insufferably distorted as here?—" An *eye* like *Mars*," truly!—an eye, Sir, might properly enough be said to be like *Mars's eye*, but what poet in his senses would have thought of comparing it to *Mars himself*? or, if he had, what reader could have endured the comparison?—Not I, for

one, certainly.—And then, Sir, what in the name of wonder, is "a station like the Herald Mercury?"—A station is a *post*, an *appointment*, a *commission of trust, or authority*, &c.—neither of these, in my poor fancy, very closely resembling a *man* (still less a *God!*) perched upon the top of a hill!—No, Sir: we should undoubtedly, for reasons which will presently be given, read, and point, thus:—

"An eye like *Marr's*, to threaten, and command
A station;—like the Herald Mercury," &c.

Here we begin to see day-light; "An eye like Marr's;" *i. e.* THE EARL *of Marr's*; as will at once be perceived by every reader who shall duly consider Shakspeare's favourite practice of flattering his royal mistress by allusions to the distinguished persons and events connected with her government. The warlike Earl of Marr, it will be remembered, (See Hume, vol. 5, under the year 1572,) was employed by Elizabeth to "threaten" the Scots, in the character of Regent, at a very turbulent period of her reign; and in the execution of this high trust, he might, with the strictest propriety and truth, be said to "*command a station;*" while the heroism of Hamlet's father might, with equal truth and propriety, as well as with the happiest address, be illustrated by a comparison founded on

that historical fact.—After this, follows, as a detached clause of the sentence,

——————"like the Herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;"

which words are evidently to be taken as nothing more than a sudden start, or rhapsody, without meaning, and thrown in merely by way of supporting the feigned madness of the character—such as, in a former passage, "See yonder cloud that's almost in the shape of a camel!—like a weasel!—like a whale!"—with many similar instances.

That, in the above observations, Mr. ———, I have happily seized the true reading, and meaning, of this ill-used passage, I trust I need employ no other words to prove;—but a Commentator, Sir, by whatever unlucky chance, or destiny, is too apt to be *really* "like a camel—like a weasel—like a whale"—I mean in his total want of taste, feeling, penetration, and good sense. I flatter myself that you will not, as yet at least, confound with this irrational herd him who is

Yours, as you receive him,

LYNX.

Tes. After this swaggering gentleman, comes a minor Critic of the *inquisitive* order,

in a great bustle, with some musty old proverb, or cant phrase, upon his mind—puzzling himself to death with twenty left-handed conjectures about nothing:—see!

Mr. Editor,

PERMIT me to apply myself, through the channel of your useful Miscellany, to any of your ingenious correspondents who may be able to inform me what might have been the origin, or latent meaning, (if any such there be) of an expression very common in the mouths of the vulgar, who in speaking of an animal body without life, familiarly say, it is "as dead as mutton."—Now, Sir, although I have for many years past, and with a sole view to this particular object, been in the constant habit of examining different butchers in most parts of the United Kingdom, as well as of personally attending the slaughter of sheep, and anxiously watching their carcases after the operation, I am hitherto wholly unable to discover that the vital principle is sooner or more effectually extinguished in the bodies of these, than of any other animals.—The sheep is well known to be singularly patient under the knife: is this quiescence supposed to be so favourable to the right direction of the instrument, that it more readily reaches the vital parts in this, than in other instances?—We know, at least, that

the proverbial obstinacy of *the pig* rather increases than diminishes, when he is laid on the tressel for execution; we likewise know that he resists death more pertinaciously than almost any other animal; and accordingly, we never hear the expression "as dead as *pork*."

Apropos of pigs—while the pen is in my hand, I should likewise be greatly obliged to any gentleman, curious in these matters, who can inform me whether an attempt has ever been made (a very hopeless one as it should seem, and as the proverb I am going to mention describes it) to manufacture the ears of sows into money-bags of a silky texture? If not, what are we to understand by the well known vulgar saying "You can never make a silken purse of a sow's ear?"—Perhaps, however, it is to be understood merely as a significant caution against the unpromising experiment of "making Jack a Gentleman."—Quære, by the bye—who was Jack?

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

MAT. MICROSCOPE.

Tes. Such is your entertainment from the first page to the last; in the next place, as to the Muse of the Magazines, and the budget of rhymes which she inspires at the end of

them, these, as I said before of the stuff found in the "Poet's corner," make you rather sick than furious: here and there, however, you meet with an attempt in this line, which by presenting a more animated form of nonsense, relieves you from the qualms of insipidity by a burst of rage,—just as you are saved from a swoon by a strangling twinge of sal-volatile. One of these verse-mongers, for instance, who has just discrimination enough to perceive that the Muses, with a few exceptions, have been hobbling down Parnassus for the last 200 years, and have at length reached the bottom, and who has heard that Drummond, Drayton, Surrey, and certain more of our ancient Lyric poets, are considered as having written some fine things about love, thinks he can't do better than try to copy their manner; in doing which he has unluckily been unable to attain a single charm of his models, though he has successfully preserved a few of their uncouth words, now almost eaten up with rust, and has faithfully represented their childish repetitions, the ruggedness of their metre, and the insufferable and obscure hyperboles with which they too often condescend to debase

the bullion of their thoughts.—I was raving upon this subject with Sensitive on the very day before his apostasy, and the next morning he brought me the following imitation of the Imitators :—

SONNET.

Call in thy flaring beams, bright Eye of Day,
For She,* the fairest only She, is gone!
Call in thy flaring beams ;—or, shining on,
Drink all Earth's dews, and weep them o'er her clay.
And bid thy Planets be in mourning all,
And chide the Moon, thy Handmaid, for that she
Too tardy is in supping up the sea,
Nor lets in tears the briny waters fall.
Where's Iris, with her drooping, misty bow?
Asham'd, I ween, because it looks so gay,
Although 'tis dank ;—then let her paint it grey;
Behooves all Nature to be prank'd in woe.
So pined they, while pining was in store;
So pined, whilom, they,—so pine we evermore!†

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* Nothing like your old Sonnetteer for keeping a love-secret: he will not entrust the name of his Mistress even to the Sun, we see!—*Editor.*

† It was nearly as essential to the character of the ancient Sonnet, that it should be wound up with an unintelligible Alexandrine, as it still continues to be that it should be imprisoned in 14 lines.—*Editor.*

But if News-papers, and Magazines can throw a man into a fever, there is one other Class of periodical Pests which might fairly drive him mad:—I must mind what I'm about, though; for the Gentlemen I have in my eye are such a terrible set of fellows, (having voted themselves into the triple character of Judge, Jury, and Executioner, over the whole writing Race,) that it is little less than death to meddle with them!—However, I'm not easily frightened off, when I've made up my mind to come on—and so, letting the rest escape, I'll e'en attack the strongest at once, and have one knock at a certain "*Northern* Hive" of Critics, lately come into life, who seem to have been created without the power of making honey, and to have swarmed for the sole purpose of clubbing their stings. One would think, by the ground they have already gained in the favour of the Public, that the puncture of a Critic left rather a pleasant sensation behind it, and so I shall take leave just to enquire a little where the charm lies.—And yet on second thoughts, to say the truth, I'm so tickled with an attack they have lately been making upon that fugitive Rascal whom I won't condescend to name, that I

can't, somehow, help forgiving them for all the venom they have shot at their other victims.—The jest is that poor Sam, forgetting for a while his new found character as a Stoic, has insisted that the Offender, whoever he may be, shall sign, and insert in the next Number, a sort of recantation, which he has drawn up all in due form and order.—I have managed to get at a copy of this curious document, and thus it goes—

"I G. L. hereby acknowledge that I am in the habit of walking and acting in my sleep; that in the night of the ——th of September last, I left my bed, as usual, in that piteous predicament, and unconsciously wrote down a Review of a Work entitled "The Miseries of Human Life;" and that, having so written it, I left it on my table, and returned to rest, remaining, from first to last, in the most perfect ignorance of all that I had done. A few days afterwards, I accidentally discovered, to my unspeakable amazement, mortification, and dismay, that the said writing had been found by our unlucky *Devil*, and spirited away, without further inquiry, to the Printer, who unwittingly suffered it to slip in among sundry other articles prepared by persons awake for the 17th Number of our Review. Under these sinister circumstances, it

will be candidly allowed that I might have committed to paper even a longer series of crudities and incongruities than those which I am now to recant in manner following:

The two first pages of the Article in question (which I must do myself the justice to say were composed before I undressed myself—the unfortunate sequel having been afterwards added in my shirt,) are chiefly occupied with that peculiar species of prelusive flourish, or descant, with which Reviewers are accustomed to usher in the Performance under immediate examination; nor am I aware, (and here very fortunately Mr. Sensitive himself is of the same opinion,) that in this part of my Paper I have dropped any words which it would particularly become me to *eat*.

The said Proemium being dispatched, a man with his eyes open would have gone to the remaining, and most important, part of his work, in a workman-like manner. Disposing his statements, or remarks, in a luminous and orderly succession, instead of throwing them out like dice from a box, he would, in the first place, have announced the Work as a Piece—whether happily or miserably executed—at least remarkable for absolute novelty in all its parts. He would then have laid before th Reader a clear and general Analysis of the volume in hand, such as might afford him a tolerably

accurate conception of its nature, form, and objects—a sort of bird's-eye view of the whole performance. In the detailed execution of this duty, he would have proceeded to point out specifically who Messrs. Testy and Sensitive are—what preparatory discoveries are made by each, of his own distinctive temper, and feelings, under one common influence of discontent—in what manner they devise, and execute, the main business of the Book—what degree of contrivance is found, or is wanting, in the management of their various conferences—and what is the result of the whole, compounded, as it is, of such miscellaneous materials. Instead of roundly asserting that "all formality of introduction is dispensed with," the *vigilant* Critic would have truly stated that such introduction is, as *I now* plainly perceive, very sufficiently afforded through the medium of the preliminary dialogue above mentioned. Wholly neglecting, or rather wholly disqualified from seeing, this obvious circumstance, I have rushed on blindfold, and soon after I had hazarded the above censure, scrupled not to say, unequivocally, "in a little time we perceive that Sensitive is a complete fac-simile of Testy," and "we can hardly persuade ourselves that they are not both one and the same man." The above assertion should seem to have been made with particular reference, not to the

opening dialogue, but to the "Groans" which it introduces. A very slight inspection of them, however, since my eyes have been open, has shewn me my mistake, (if, indeed, any act of a Sleeper may deserve that name,) for it is now as evident to me, as it is to all the world, that the distinction is as nicely observed as the case required; for that, on one hand, Testy is made to utter no "Groans" but such as well comport with the impetuosity assigned to his character, while Sensitive, in most instances, confines *his* lamentations to such grievances, as belong to his more delicate cast of irritability:—I say "in most instances;" because in the Introductory Dialogue I have since discovered an express warning that although we are to expect no delicacy from Testy, whose sufferings are almost wholly corporeal, his more ethereal companion, who is necessarily furnished with limbs, features, and senses, like other mortals, is, in right of that conformation, "no less exquisitely alive to the grosser annoyances, or tangible tribulations of the other, than to those subtler and more elegant agonies, which are his own peculiar inheritance," and will therefore occasionally figure in the department of bodily suffering.

Another of my errors discloses itself on my first mention of Ned (whom, by the bye, with a characteristic misnomer, I have all along dreamt to be

Tom) Testy; with respect to whom I have to declare that, in a waking interval, I should never have penned so *visionary* a charge as that he "seldom misses an opportunity of introducing quotations the most trite or remotely connected"—an imputation which, in whatever degree it may lie against the *first* Edition of the Book, I should scarcely have made, had I been in a condition to turn to the *second*, in which the grounds of it are perhaps entirely removed, and which, moreover, by quoting it in another place, I unfortunately convict myself of having seen.

Passing, in the next place, to a more particular examination of the individual "Groans," or "Miseries," I find I have been at considerable pains to shew that a large proportion of these are such as to "defeat and destroy the main design and groundwork of the Book;" being of so seriously calamitous a nature, that "if Messrs. Testy and Sensitive have REALLY undergone all the grievances here related, they may justly claim a pre-eminence of Misery not only over the fancifully unhappy, but over the REALLY wretched, *and* truly afflicted part of mankind!" It is then additionally observed, with respect to the Miseries of these gentlemen, that they "would vex, and *that* very effectually, a man of the *greatest reason* (*!*) and equanimity;" nay, that they might "make"—not *a Parson swear*, but,

with such an exquisite periphrasis of that homespun expression as could hardly have been expected of a Somnambulist — "the most meek and pious Clergyman utter an oath of considerable magnitude."—Let me here, however, ingenuously avow, that my *day-light* acquaintance with this respectable body of men would by no means warrant me in repeating the above severe insinuation; and the Reader will, doubtless, very heartily join in the laugh which even *I* have since been unable to restrain on the occasion, when he shall hear that I have actually opened my catalogue of these intolerable sorrows, these astounding calamities, which might unman the Hero, and make a Blasphemer of the most heavenly-minded Divine, with—*a shoe sucked off by the clay in walking!*"

But I have other offences to acknowledge:—had I written at a more lively hour, I should hardly have contented myself with a loose and cursory notice of the "Groans," considered as to the *inventive* part; I should, further, have thought it my duty to animadvert, a little in detail, upon the *language* in which they are couched:—the matter being confessedly original, it was proportionably requisite that the style should be original also; and moreover, as the said matter is founded upon incidents familiar to all the world, it was the more indispensible that the effect should be heightened

by some peculiar point, or pungency, in the diction:—all this, I say, being duly considered, I ought faithfully to have possessed the public of my own opinion, (if I should have chanced to form any) with respect to the merits or demerits of the Book, in this particular, by endeavouring to characterise its phraseology. As it is, I have left the poor Reader to form his own judgment as he can, by the help of such scanty samples as I have laid before him. It is true that, in one place, I have exercised some critical severity upon a few single words, or phrases,—as "sepulchral party"—"Man of iron"—"washy remark"—with a general intimation annexed, that others of a similar complexion too frequently occur; but, in stating the critical grounds upon which these expressions are censurable, I have very curiously alleged as an *objection* to the employment of them in *Dialogue*, that they are *too colloquial!* subjoining the "washy remark," that they require a running commentary of "gesture and emphasis" by the speaker, to render them intelligible.—Since I have rubbed my eyes, and stretched my limbs, however, I have bitterly regretted that so sleepy a stricture, and one for which my anxious friends have lamented that I was so little beholden to the Genius of Humour, should have stolen into the Press.

The next error or mis-statement into which I

have been betrayed by the confusion uniformly incident to all persons who criticise in their sleep, is (once more) in the nature of a direct contradiction; for whereas, in an early part of my Examen, I had said "The Reader now perceives his own Misery, in the prospect of pursuing his journey with these unvarying and discontented Comrades," I have since discovered myself to have used, in an after passage, the words following: "On the whole, we strenuously recommend this work to all who love to laugh;" and others of the like tenor and meaning—an opposition in terms which but too happily harmonises with the insensible state of the Writer.

But the heaviest of my misdemeanours are still behind:—it is certain that at the conclusion of my said Critique, had I written it *out* of my night-cap, I should have deemed it the most sacred part of my province as a Reviewer, to ascertain from others, if I could not discover of myself, whether the volume which I have announced as, at best, whimsical and diverting, be not additionally, or rather primarily, useful and instructive.—These important reflections, or inquiries, let me repeat, I was forcibly bound, as a Censor, no less than a Critic, by profession, to have most diligently made; —yet, abused as I was by some unhallowed spell of Morpheus, I have not merely failed to discover and strike out the latent sparks of instruction, but

have even pasquinaded the worthy Mr. Samuel Sensitive for having invited his Reader to learn, as well as laugh—for having ended by dashing the delicious cup of merriment with the bitters of Virtue and Religion—and thought proper to dismiss the Volume with a sarcastic sneer at its "musty moral." To complete my mortification at this the most crimson of my involuntary sins, I have finally to acknowledge that more instances than one are at this time within my knowledge, of persons who, till very recently, were among the staunchest adherents of Messrs. Testy and Sensitive, but who have since spontaneously confessed that they have been fairly laughed into sobriety.

For the above multitudinous violations of my critical duties, to the prejudice of this "very ill-used Gentleman," such are my Confessions; — if, indeed, a word of so severe an import can be fairly applicable to any injuries committed in a state of morbid repose, or intellectual decease.

To those Unfortunates who have stumbled unawares through an article *so* composed, the only atonement I have now to make, is that of having effectually taken order for their security from similar mischief in all time to come, the Conductor of our Review having strictly prohibited the messenger, under pain of immediate dismission, from ever again conveying to the Printer any manu-

script from *my* pen, without having previously applied for my waking warrant, during the *Day*.

Signed. G. L.

Tes. This sparring-match is quite a Comedy to me; for, hating Sensitive well, and thinking his Critic a capital Quizzing-stock, I am sure of *my* sport, at every blow that is either given or taken.—And yet I must say, too, that Master Sam has laid it on a little too hard. Some allowance the Dog ought certainly to have made for the youth and literary inexperience which plead for his antagonist in every line of his Lampoon, and "prate of his whereabout" in the Commonwealth of Letters.

Ned Tes. And where's that, father?

Tes. Where?—why in

"The Mob of Gentlemen that write with ease,"

to be sure;—and yet, to give the youngster a pat on the back at parting, I will say, that, for one of such a mob, he really cuts a very sprightly figure, after all.

Well, but, Master Ned, to return to your friends the Magazine-Mongers, what do you think of them now?

Ned Tes. I can't tell that, father, till I have compared the copies with the originals.

Tes. Aye, aye, do—only take care that I see you in a proper passion with the fools, when you find, as you will, that they are a thousand times worse than I have made them out.—At our next *merry* meeting, I shall follow this food for the mind with some food for the body.—And now go about your business, Ned; when I'm in a humour to ruminate over my dinners and suppers, I'll call you in.

Ned Tes. In the mean time, Sir, you have an opportunity just at hand of adding another table-groan or two, for I hear the dinner-bell; and so, Sir, while you storm, I'll stuff.

DIALOGUE THE NINETEENTH.

MISERIES OF THE TABLE, &c.

Testy Senior and Junior.

Testy.

THREE meals a day!—three *floggings* a day a man might bear:—I've taken my resolution, however:—for the future—as eating can't be given up altogether—I shall take one double dose of breakfast as soon as I get up, and then —good bye to the Table for the day.

Ned Tes. Is this plan to go round the family, father? for my part, I should like to dine every now and then, Sir, I must own.

Tes. You should?—why then please to listen, while I give you a general bill of fare:—

GROAN 1. (T.)

After eating mushrooms—the lively interest you take in the debate that accidentally follows upon the question "whether they were of the right sort?"

2. (T.)

After going through the various troubles of brewing at home what are curiously called "*made* wines," (as if all foreign wines were self-existent!) —the taste of your liquor at last.

3. (T.)

The price which you keep paying all night long for having eaten a hearty supper just before bed-time.

4. (S.)

On taking your dinner from an a-la-mode beef-house—the relish of your favorite dish disturbed by the perpetual recurrence of a doubt whether the animal you are feeding on was a native of the stall, or the stable.

Ned Tes.

"O what damned minutes counts he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts;—suspects, yet strongly loves!" *Othello.*

5. (T.)

Taking refuge from the savour of salt-fish, in the insipidity of a parsnip.

6. (S.)

After tasting a sweet-bread, discovering that the substantive, in that appellation, has no fair claim to the adjective.

7. (S.)

The alternative of avowing, or dissembling, your antipathy to cheese, when brought upon the table in a large company.

8. (T.)

To be told by your Host that you "see your dinner," when the "sight" consists of the only dish which you never see with your own good will.

9. (T.)

While you are under a medical interdict from animal food, and have exhausted your garden of all its vegetables, properly so called—feeding, like a wild man, or an ass, on nettles, turnip-greens, bean-tops, and such-like savage substitutes.

10. (T.)

On calling for a tart at an inn—receiving it in the shape of a loose roof of dry, coarse, doughy, sallow crust, built over half a dozen solid gooseberries, or tough slices of apple, glued up in a dingy syrop, at the bottom of a tall patty-pan.

11. (T.)

A pear which, after promising your eye to melt in your mouth, breaks its word (if not your jaw) in return for your credulity.

12. (S.)

Falling into the snare of eating roasted chesnuts, which seem to have ambushed themselves in a nice white napkin, merely that they may trick you into smutting your fingers, burning your mouth, baking your teeth, and poisoning your palate;—the latter of which objects they accomplish, by being scorched to a black crust in a single spot, (that you may not have to say they are *entirely* raw,) and by being unsound to the core.

13. (T.)

Using nut-crackers which, in the act of refusing to seize the shell for you with their teeth, contrive, nevertheless, to bite your finger with their legs.

14. (S.)

The long and painful apprenticeship which you serve to the business of learning to like *olives*—without being master of your trade at last.

15. (T.)

After edging in your chair, corner-wise, at a crowded table,—to be perpetually jerked half-round, chair and all, by the coat of a flying footman.

16. (T.)

The liquor (still called beer) with which you are supplied since the late improvement in the art of brewing, by the omission of the malt and hops.

17. (S.)

Dining at a house (there are still 2 or 3 of

them left, to be *put down*)—where your bountiful hostess spares you all the trouble of determining for yourself what quantity of food your health and inclination, require—where, if you venture but to turn your head, you are sure of finding that another pound of provisions has been dextrously juggled on your plate, during the momentary absence of your eyes.

Ned Tes.

——————————"cibus omnis in illo
Causa cibi est". *Ovid.*

18. (S.)

The juxta-position of your kitchen and parlour.

Ned Tes. How could they be better placed, Sir?—for the smell of the meat at once acts as a bill of fare, and regales your imagination with pleasures to come—particularly in the case of a *goose*.

19. (T.)

A neck of lean, doe, winter venison, which is indebted for all the flavour it possesses, to the powerful effects of time and the weather.

20. (T.)

When you are dying of thirst — bottled ale brought to you in such high order, that it fills your glass with froth, and nothing but froth. Then, breaking your neck backward in vain attempts to get at the few drops which lurk at the bottom. On taking down your tumbler in despair, your upper lip comes out in a state just ripe for the razor.

Tes. But hold!—I have been sitting at table till I am sick, and must fly for relief to some other torment:—what comes next?—O worse than ever!—here we have all the five senses up in arms together:—

MISERIES PERSONAL, OR OF THE BODY.

GROAN 1. (S.)

On first going up to your looking-glass in the morning, seeing the deep red furrow, freshly ploughed in your forehead by the tight strings of your night-cap, and which—though you happen to have a pressing occasion for all the ready beauty

you can raise—you too well know will remain indelible for the day.

2. (S.)

A boiled egg, including—a boiled chicken!

Ned. Tes. O mercy, father?—I had it this morning.—By the bye, Sir, I should think the best judgment that could possibly be formed of this Misery, must be by an *Epicure* in the *pillory.*

3. (S.)

The sudden deaths which occasionally happen among your family of fingers, in a hard frost.

4. (S.)

A formal party, on a first visit, abruptly shewn into your room, when you are—crying!

5. (T.)

The cold, harsh, raw sensation about the lungs and chest, by which you are warned to take care how you run yourself out of breath another time. Likewise,

6. (T.)

The exhausted state of your inside after long, violent, and successive bursts of laughter — the joke still continuing to draw for breath, long after your chest is empty.

7. (T.)

Discharging the whole force of a strong fillip on your own nose, instead of on a large fly who had long been tapping and tasting it in different places, to find out where lay the best of the blood—and, having pleased himself at last, was just setting in for his carouse.

8. (S.)

As you are sitting in a warm, but furiously windy day, with all the sashes up—your door perpetually opened by different people, who regularly leave the hurricane to shut it.

9. (S.)

Leaving off snuff, at the requisition of your Angel.

Tes. Ha! ha! ha! — poor Sensitive! — I well remember how he looked when this order came upon him—I thought he'd have given up

his box and his life together. He was not satisfied, with the above Groan upon this cruel occasion, but has laid his complaint before the Muses, who inspired him with the following querulous quatrains, which I found scrawled out in his most tremulous hand.—Do but hear!—

FAREWELL TO SNUFF, AN ELEGY.

1.

Box, thou art clos'd—and Snuff is but a name!
It is decreed—my nose shall feast no more!
To me no more shall come—whence erst it came—
The precious pulvil from Hibernia's shore!

2.

Virginia, barren be thy teeming soil—
Or may the swallowing earth-quake gulf thy fields!
Fribourg, and Pontet! cease your trading toil,—
Or bankruptcy be all the fruit it yields!

3.

And, Artists! ye who frame in tin, or gold,
Horn, paper, silver, coal, or skin, the chest
Foredoom'd in small circumference to hold
The titillating treasures of the West,

4.

Quit, quit your craft, that minds me without cease,
When I, too, had my coffer still in hand;
When, through the day, I gave its lid no peace,
By night, the pinch prolong'd in visions bland.

5.

But now, each needy nostril sniffs in vain,
Or drudges but to draw the breath of life;
And knows no food, save when the summer-plain
Up-sends a choking cloud, when dust is rife.

6.

Five senses are the gift of Heav'n to man;—
But not to me;—*my* list is shrunk to four:
'Tis true, my nose is left, and smell I can;—
But—Irish Blackguard visits it no more!

7.

And what's a nose?—A carcase without soul,
Unless the vivifying grains be there;—
So, with the Blind and Deaf we still condole,
Though one an eye-ball shew, and one an ear.

8.

Nor seem I barely of a sense curtail'd,
But eke in knowledge levell'd with the Rout:
The solemn, scientific pinch hath fail'd—
And Wisdom's at two inlets quite shut out!

9.

Who doth not know what logic lies conceal'd
Where diving finger meets with diving thumb?
Who hath not seen th' opponent fly the field,
Unhurt by Argument,—by Snuff struck dumb?

10.

The box drawn forth from its profoundest bed,
The slow-repeated tap, with frowning brows,
The brandish'd pinch, the fingers widely spread,
The arm toss'd round, returning to the nose—

11.

—Who can withstand a battery so strong?
Wit, Reason, Learning,—what are ye to these?
Or who would toil through folios thick and long,
When wisdom may be purchased—with a sneeze?

12.

Shall *I*, then, climb where Alps on Alps arise?
No—Snuff, and Science, are to me a dream;—
But hold, my Soul!—for that way Madness lies;
Love's in the scale—Tobacco kicks the beam.

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10. (S.)

While sitting up all alone, through the whole of a damp, chill, joyless night, over a book, which you are anxious to finish—the increasing sense of

nervous, shivering, desolate anxiety, sharpened with self-reproach, which comes over you towards 3 or 4 in the morning; every following hour of the clock striking harder upon your conscience than the last; till, at about 6 or 7, the dying state of your candles conspires with the the actual death of your fire, to drive you up to bed, where you feel that you ought to have been safe and snoring, at least half a dozen hours ago.—As you are crawling between the sheets, with aching eyes, whirling brain, chattering teeth, and limbs of marble, you have to undergo a new *jobation* from the birds about your window, for choosing to go to bed exactly as they are getting up — together with several cutting glances from the Sun, for the like incivility offered to *him*.

11. (S.)

The effect of the sudden entrance of lighted candles upon your eyes and mind, when you are buried in a drowsy, muzzing, solitary, twilight reverie.

12. (T.)

The twinging fumes of strong mustard, as they force a back-passage through the nostrils.

13. (S.)

The manner in which your mouth acquits itself

of an attempt to speak, or to eat, when its whole interior is parched up by thirst, rage, or fever.

14 (T.)

The impossibility of turning a good fire to account, when it is most wanted; the merciless severity of the frost compelling you to approach the grate so very closely, that your front is fried, while your rear is frozen.

15. (T.)

As you walk amongst loose stones,—repeatedly helping up a sharp flint with one foot full against the ancle of the other.

16. (S.)

A very promising sigh suddenly *sewed up* by *the stitch.*

17. (T.)

Becoming so fat as to be obliged to resign the privilege of crossing your legs—at least without the aid of your arms.

Ned Tes. Why this, father, is what one may call a bad case arising from being in good case.

Tes. You have just had fat:—I'll now give you lean.

18. (T.)

On quitting your bed after a long illness, finding yourself so emaciated, that when you have put on your *healthy* coat, and lifted your hands to the shoulders of two supporting friends,—you look like a clothes-horse, with a great-coat stretched out upon it, just ready for the rattan.

Ned Tes. "Conamur tenues grandia."

Tes. There, Ned —digest this lecture well: there's enough in it to turn a Saint into a Snarler.—Tomorrow I shall bring my "Invincibles" into the field; and if *they* don't conquer you, why, you'll be fit for nothing but to shake hands with Sensitive.

DIALOGUE THE TWENTIETH.

MISERIES DOMESTIC—INCLUDING THE BED-CHAMBER AND DRESSING-ROOM.

Testy Senior and Junior.

Testy.

WHA'TS to day's business—do you know, sirrah?

Ned Tes. Yes, Sir—"celebrare *domestica* facta," I think.

Tes. Yes, yes—well then, to rush at once, like an Epic Poet, "into the midst of things"—you remember, I hope, what *things* are, in my sense of the word—

MISERIES DOMESTIC.

GROAN 1. (S.)

No access to the cellar but by *threading* the Kitchen.

2. (S.)

A *standing* screen which perpetually belies its name.

3. (S.)

Taking a step more, or a step less, than you want, in going up or down stairs.

4. (T.)

At coming in from church on Christmas-day, finding a fire composed of half a dozen large, black coals, accompanied by the shovel, and a poker, in the characters of *Witches*.

5. (T.)

Sitting on a chair with an horse-hair bottom so very sleek and sloping, that as often as you venture to lounge backward, you are sent sliding down to the brink of your seat—if not over it.

6. (S.)

A pair of boots, which, after having been hitherto silent, suddenly take to squeaking.

7. (S.)

As you are sitting, late in the evening, close at your studies, and (as you fondly suppose) alone—discovering from the sudden buzz of a bee in the room, that you have company. For a time, you endeavour to conform yourself to your unhappy circumstances; but, wearied out, in the end, by the incessant wheelings and whizzings of your Chum, you devote yourself to the complicated trouble of drawing up the curtain, removing the bell, unbarring the shutters, throwing up the sash, &c. &c. for the purpose of favouring his escape; which, however, he positively declines either to make of his own accord, or to let you force upon him, continuing to lie perdue during the long period of your search after his retreat. But, no sooner have you given it over, and, in the hope that he has worried himself to sleep for the night, readjusted the endless window-apparatus, and so returned once more to your lucubrations, than he begins to *hum* you again—and again you go to work for the liberation of your cruel captive; till, after half a dozen repetitions of the same man-

œuvres on both sides, you are at last compelled to make your own escape, leaving your little Tormentor the acknowledged *Queen of the cell.*

8. (S.)

When you have just put on your hat and gloves, and are opening the door to set out on a scheme of pleasure planned out for the remainder of the day, with exactly time enough before you to fill up your outline—a sudden and thundering rap upon your heart with the door-knocker.

9. (S.)

Entering to a large company assembled at the top of a very long room floored with highly polished oak, in a pair of new, unchalked shoes; and, in consequence, making abundantly more and lower bows to the Ladies, as you stumble and slidder up to them at their various seats in the circle, than had at all entered into your calculation.

10. (S.)

Passing your days in one of those Mausoleums of the Living, which were probably new (if they were *ever* new) a little after the Heptarchy.—Among the various comforts and elegancies of your principal sitting-rooms are the following: — fire-

place in one corner—other corners rescued from the uniformity of a square by the intrusion of sundry salient angles from the adjacent closets—cieling, not merely with a beam in it, (and *such* a beam!) but that beam carefully removed far away. from the centre; while other cielings display a fabrick of timbers, resembling the foundation of a castle—window-frames approaching to the breadth and thickness of Hercules's club—the aboriginal wainscoats still maintaining their places in every room, adorned with a variety of massy mouldings, and other grotesque protuberances, which, when you can endure them no longer in their native state, defy the efforts of the paper-hanger to follow up the zig-zag dance of surface through which they lead him—sleeping-rooms to be entered, or quitted, only by risking your neck up and down a ladder of stairs at every door—with a variety of other architectural prettinesses of the like nature!—I shall not be expected, I hope, to venture through all the remaining cells and labyrinths of this immemorial Pile, losing myself and my hearers amidst its howling halls, forbidden chambers, and interminable galleries: suffice it to say, that the same attention to ornament, cheerfulness, and indulgence, which we have already seen, accosts you in every quarter of the mansion — from the floating cellars, to the forgotten garrets.

11. (T.)

The soothing, reasonable, disinterested, and respectful practice of the whole body of Cooks, to kidnap all the fine large coals for the kitchen fire, leaving you to make yourself as warm and comfortable as you can, in the parlour, and drawing-room, with dirt and dust.

Ned Tes. Nay, father, they always say, you know, that this is done entirely for your benefit—that they may have a better fire for cooking.

12. (T.)

Using, *once more*, a discarded nutmeg-grater, or a sleek file!

13. (T.)

In a state of extreme lassitude, throwing yourself on the support of an old *easy* chair, before you have recollected that the arm on which you principally relied has been lately amputated at the shoulder for the cure of its infirmities, and is still under the hands of the operator; during which interval, the *title* of said chair remains in abeyance.

14. (T.)

Driving, and boring, at an oaken, or walnut-tree wainscot, with a gimlet which *had* a point.

15. (T.)

After pulling long and lustily at a damp, tight, crammed-up drawer, bringing away at last—not the various articles of dress, which you were in haste to take out of it, but—one or both of the handles; which you triumphantly hold up, as trophies of your vigour, in the backward tumble that instantly ensues.

16. (T.)

Hearing the ill-pasted paper of your apartment cracking and breaking away from the plaster, on a hot day; till in due time it swags half way down from the cieling, and fully indulges any curiosity you may have as to the nature of the wall behind.

17. (S.)

A door so tight at the bottom, that it calls for your shoulders, as well as hands, as often as you enter or leave the room—and even when you have forced it to move, insists upon the company of the carpet every inch of the way.

18. (S.)

At the time of leaving off fires, to which *you* have given a restive consent, in pure compliance with the tyranny of custom, or the unaccountable feelings of others—the forlorn and widowed appearance of the grate, when, after having turned out the live coals, you sit down in a shiver to contemplate the bare bars, or, at best, the chilling flower-pot, or ornamental litter of damp chippings and snippings, with which they think to charm away your ague-fits, and divert your yearning recollections of the cherishing blaze which, during the long remainder of your Northern summer, you are doomed to look upon no more!

19. (T.)

Sitting without a screen before a fire which the state of the weather will not suffer you to quit for a moment, while stones, flints, and other *fuel* of that kind, are every moment bursting and scattering like bombs in all directions.

20. (T.)

The task of inventing a new dinner every morning devolving on *you*, in the long absence of your wife.

21. (T.)

The screws, nuts, pivots, and other loose appurtenances of a door-lock coming off, and dropping all about the room, as often as you turn the handle in an innocent attempt to open the door.

22. (T.)

The cock of the tea-urn misunderstanding, or disregarding, your signal, long after you have motioned it to stop.

23. (T.)

Attempting to open the stiff blade of a rusty knife at a well-worn notch, with a short thumb-nail.

(Here Testy rings the bell; and finding it not answered, repeats the pull more and more furiously.)

Ned. Tes. "Nobody at home," Sir, I dare say:—this is the day of the great boxing-match, you know.

Tes. I *don't* know;—but this I know, that if it is *not* the day, I'll make it so, as fast as the rascals come in!—and so stand you by me, Ned—Hounds!—Scoundrels!—They are

the beginning, middle, and end, of all domestic torments:—but I'll kick them all out of my house tomorrow morning; and if they dare come back to me for *characters*, I'll give them legibly written on every one of their skulls.—By the bye, I have got among my papers here the characters of a whole crew of them, male and female, drawn up in a poetical epistle, in which I have touched off to the life a few of their rogues, tricks, just as they have been lately played in my brother's family.—

Ned Tes. Aye, father, you have long promised me a sight of those verses, and I hope I may now——

Tes. Poor Sam, how he fumed!—as well he might. His wife, you must know, had scribbled a long sheet-full of the kitchen-curses I just mentioned, in a letter to your mother—d'ye hear, Ned?—and I was so struck with the story that, as soon as I got a little cool, a sudden fancy came over me to try my hand at turning it into verse, and this is what I made of it:—(*Testy reads*:)

Poetical Epistle from Mr. Timothy Testy to Mrs. Samuel Testy.

WHY, Sister, your letter
(Though never a better
Was born of an inkstand)
Does, I verily think, stand
Before ev'ry other
For family pother.
Let a Fair be at Croydon—
Susannah the Hoyden
Must needs have a finger
In bread made of ginger,
And ferrets and rages
To spend all her wages
In ribbons and nuts
With the Fellows and Sluts;
While her pleasuring quashes
The course of Great Washes,
And leaves all the duds
Idly soaking in suds,
Whose rich, frothy fumes
Warm and sweeten the rooms,
And in whispers reveal
Whence their essence they steal!—
Who can stand at the tub
While the drum's rub-a-dub

And the Trumpeter's bray
Muster maidens to play?—
Or who'd swelter and stoop
Over linen and soap,
While each tax-cart and *shay*
To the Fair jolts away?
  Then, the Groom—not a hop
At an ale-house or shop,
But he leaves to their fates
Horses, boots, knives, and plates,
And e'en lets the bell ring,
While he stumps to the string!
  But the climax design'd
Leaves me still far behind:
To thy Tantrums, Cook Betty,
All tantrums are petty!—
Here, my force seems to fail
For the terrible tale,
And e'en Fancy to pause
O'er the picture she draws.
To the song that ensues
I'd have call'd ev'ry Muse,—
But a Muse, as 'tis thought,
Never once yet, when sought,
In a *Kitchen* was caught;
And 't wou'd pose all the Nine,
Though their lights they combine
For one flash on the line—
To make doggrel divine.—

Yet, as still 'tis a knack
With each Rhymster to crack
How he's view'd with sheeps' eyes
By these Girls of the Skies,
I may brag, now and then,
How they smirk on my pen.—
But be this as it must,
In my theme is my trust,
While, with numbers though rough,
Yet with rage *quantum suff:*
"Thoughts that breathe—words that burn,"
To my Scullion I turn,
And wherever she steer,
Track her desp'rate career.
See!—she harks at the door
Till she hear the house snore,—
Then with venturous hands
At the cellaret stands,
Where she picks out so handy
Rum, Hollands, and Brandy,
In solitude jolly
To laugh at the folly
Of Mistress and Master
Who lock up no faster.—
Now, one after t'other,
Her senses to smother,
The neck of each bottle
She thrusts down her throttle,—

No sentiment mingling
With tipple so tingling,
Her single reflection
Fell fear of detection:—
Each gulp a full glass is,
While madly she passes
From liquor to liquor—
Quick, quicker, and quicker!—
Now brandy, now gin,
And now rum tosses in,
Nor e'en shrub is forgot
By the all-sucking Sot,
Till the bottom is seen
Of each can and canteen.—
Now the Orgie was done!—
While the bell, tolling one,
Warn'd the Sinner to flee—
But no warning heard she!
For the bibulous Wench,
In her heat for the drench,
Pass'd, she knew not well how,
From a Nymph to a Sow,
Or a—not to call names—
Human Hogshead of drams.
Down dead dropp'd her jaw,
And thrice double she saw,
And her eye-balls, atwist,
Whirl'd in oceans of mist,

And with frenzy and fear
Thrill'd each nerve in her ear,
Where a wild breeze of fire
Seem'd to rush and retire;
And each pulse in strange heat
Kept a mill's busy beat,
And the tides in each vein
Rose, and boil'd to her brain.
Now the damps of the dead
All her face overspread,
And the blood, gone away,
Left her countenance Clay;
And in torpor her tongue
From her mouth was out-hung,
And each finger and foot
All its functions forgot,
And the Woman—WAS NOT!
So her mind and her frame
Were a Chaos of shame,
Whilst a wandering, sad thought
On the deed she had wrought,
Like a Fiend came to fill
The last curse of the Swill!—
But all sense, and all grace,
And all time, and all place,
Were now flound'ring apace
In the swimming confusion
Of ideot illusion.

Her last meaning's to creep
To her pig-sty of sleep—
So she paws by the walls,
And half reels, and half crawls,
(Recollection quite fled
From her sick, swagging head,)
Till, in stagg'ring astray,
She falls flat by the way,
And there winds up her fool'ry
At her length in the scull'ry.
The full scene that ensues
Wou'd offend the nice Muse,
Though she deigns to give hearing
To the shrieking and swearing,
And yelling and groaning,
And maudlin bemoaning,
Bess utters by fits,
Mid the whirl of her wits,
As she batters her bones
Against iron and stones,
Pails, potlids, and bricks,
Where she struggles and kicks.
At the screams and the bruises,
Anne and Sam from their snoozes
Start—and take the fair Swabber
For a night-coming robber—.
Sam, rous'd by the peril,
Leaps forth like a squirrel,

Sans slippers—sans coat—
And what's worse,—sans culottes!—
Then with bludgeons and guns,
And dire blunderbuss, runs,
And with Ottoman sabre,*
The foe to belabour,—
His helmet, war-bred,
Sudden press'd to his head—
Till, descending on wing,
(Twenty stairs at a spring—)
He has reach'd, with a thought,
The dread scene that he sought;
Where, stunn'd as he stands,
The foul truth he commands—
Boozy Bess, now bemauling
Her limbs as she's sprawling,
Then, (as drunkards will do,
With whom false goes for true,)
Calling Champions to back her
'Gainst villains that thwack her.
The first glimpse was enough
For our Hero in buff:—
Faster far than he came,
He has left in her shame
The frail victim of guzzle
That caus'd all his puzzle,

* Mr. Samuel Testy was a Colonel of Volunteers.

While, with no time to prose,
He thus groans as he goes:—
" Was e'er stigma so base
On the petticoat-race?—
Thus—thus—to find tripping
The Goddess of dripping!"
At length e're 'tis light,
She heaves up from her plight,
And so blunders, half drest,
Up the stairs to her nest.—
There, Sue, as she lies,
Sees with terrified eyes,
By a beam from bright Phœbe,
The hiccuping Hebe
Come, tott'ring and bloody,
With locks black and muddy
Out-staring all wide
Through her cap hung aside,—
Her kerchief half pinn'd,
Half a flag to the wind,
And a scantling of dress,
Like the Bedlamite Bess;
Then, her chalk visage moping
With guilt and with toping,
Her eyes ghastly fixtures,
Through mischievous mixtures,
And the fair female figure
All sunk in the Swigger!—

Plumb drops by her fellow
The maiden so mellow,
Where long she lies tumbling,
And raving, and mumbling,
And snortling, and grumbling,—
Not "half," (we discover,)
But *wholly* "seas over."
Upstartled at last
By a flash of the past,
Heart-stung by repentance,
Deep dreading her sentence,
Her wages unpaid,
Valediction unsaid,
She has flung from her bed,
And the house, and the place,
And each terrible face
That had seen her disgrace.
Then, of Eve O ye Daughters!
Be shy of strong waters;—
Sure, fuddling a trade is
Not lovely in Ladies,
Since it thus can disguise a
Soft Sylph like Eliza!
But the Fates, in their fun,
With poor Nan have not done:—
While her Cook-maid is flying,
Her House-maid is dying;
And while she's composing
Her spirits by dozing,

She's scar'd from her dreams
By fresh clamours and screams—
"Madam! Madam!—below,
What to do we don't know—
Poor Margery's tripes
Are the martyrs of gripes!"
No appellant in pain
Sues to Nancy in vain:—
With a spring and a jerk,
She is dress'd and at work,—
And, to save Madge from ruin,
Is mingling, and brewing,
Fermenting, distilling,
And tasting, and filling,
Infusing thick showers
Of Chamomile flowers.
And then such a coil is
For napkins and doyleys,
To work at dry-rubbing,
And each bear a bob in
The charity-frolick
Of ousting the cholick!
Now, with health in her hands,
At the sick-bed she stands,
Where she curries with towels
The Chamber-maid's bowels,—
(In vain does poor Sam ask
For dowlas and damask,

And her maids—how they're struck aback
To miss all the huckaback!)
Then moistens her dewlaps
With cordials and julaps,
And each panacea
From the Pharmacopeia,
Till Madge, in a wonder
What Doctor she's under,
Feels exorcis'd fully
The grubs yclep'd mully.
Safe at last from mishaps,
And all wars on her naps,
Nanny snatches brief leisure
For peace and for pleasure.
And here the Muse dizens
My dirge with orisons:—
May the Sisters so snarling
Long spare you, my darling:
May Sue still despair
To revisit a Fair—
Or if once she get there,
May she fall to the ground
From a merry-go-round!
Turn we next to the doom
Of the capering Groom:—
When the catgut bewitching
Next empties each kitchen,
May Tom snap his legs,
(Or the Scraper his pegs,)

Then, restor'd to his wits,
Sing confusion to kits!
Then, as for the Hussey
With bowels so busy,
When she next shall have felt her
Insides out of kelter,
May Nan sleep it out,
Tho' Miss Margery shout,
Till her brain turns about!
Last, for Betty the tipsy—
May each jack-winding Gypsy
That rules, at your cot,
O'er the spit and the pot,
From her mistress inherit
Fix'd hatred to spirit,
And drown her vexations
In malt-compotations,
Or, at worst, be agog
For the mild joys of grog!—
Come, my Muse, let us jog.

T. T.

Tes. Well, Ned—what have your thoughts been upon, while I have been raving through my culinary couplets here?

Ned Tes. Upon the good fortune of the wenches you been immortalizing, in not being of *your* houshold, Sir.

Tes. What must you think, then, of these stray-varlets of mine, who are?—*(ringing more violently than ever)*—Not come back yet!—but "that way madness lies," as Sam. Sensitive was always crying, when he knew how to be miserable;—and so I shall cool my blood, in the mean time, by harking back to my selections.—I am still among the domestic Demons, I see, and have still got to visit the Dressing-room and Bed-chamber, before I have done.—First, then, for the *Bed-Chamber.*

24. (S.)

A clock posted within a yard of your pillow—which, besides confidentially clicking every *second* in your ear, as long as your eyes are open, regularly wakes you with mentioning the hour.

25. (S)

On entering the attic chamber, allotted for you at a friend's house, and eagerly running up to the pictures which caught your eye at the door—finding them, on a closer view, to be the banished, wall-eyed portraits, in mildewed crayons, and in cramped sizes, of the unheard-of fore-fathers and *fore-mothers* of your host's family, all pinched and pokered up in the incredible costumes of their

several centuries—pictures, or rather painted Pedigrees, for which their Originals once sat for *their* sins, and which you now contemplate for *yours*.

26. (S.)

A call at the most unseasonable of all hours, from the most unwelcome of all visitors—namely, in the middle of the night, from one who takes his walking-exercise in his sleep!

27. (T.)

Sleeping aslant—or, lying in a bed so made that you feel yourself all night long going down a hill, with a precipice at the end of it.

28. (T.)

Starting out of your sleep on a wardrobe bedstead, at the sudden desertion of the temporary posts at the bottom;—with the *consequences*.

29. (T.)

To the tall.—Occupying a bed, of which the length was originally determined with so little regard to *you*, that you have no means of keeping your legs under cover, except by "pillowing your chin" upon your knees.

30. (T.)

On being required by some untoward chance to rise before either the sun, or the servants—the manner in which you make your *debut* in the wholly unstudied part of striking a light for yourself—as follows:—when you have persevered for a considerable time in striking blood from your own knuckles, instead of fire from the flint, you at last worry out a solitary spark; which, however, either the tinder in the first instance, or the match in the second, refuses to harbour; so that, after chipping away at random, a little longer, with the same success, you give up the game, and quietly set yourself to putting on your clothes with your mangled fingers, in the dark.

31. (T.)

No closet to your sleeping-room—so that the apartment is unavoidably strewed with the various *unfunded* articles of your dress:—

Tes. To which dress, and all that belongs to it, I shall now pay a more particular attention, and so get rid of *domesticals* at once.

32. (T.)

The state of your feelings in putting on a cold shirt, for the first time after throwing off the under flannel waistcoat with which you have long kept the peace between your skin and your linen.

And then they tell you of *Nessus's* shirt!—pho, pho!—it was *fleecy-hosiery* to this, I'll engage for it.

33. (T.)

A pair of pantaloons so constructed with regard to what taylors call *the stride*, as to limit you to 3 or 4 inches per step. In these *streights*, having to keep pace in walking with a tall friend—all fork!—who stalks along like one's evening shadow on a wall.

34. (S.)

In trying on a parcel of hose sent to you from London by a careless hosier—either tugging and tearing through one stocking which would have pinched the calf of poor Suett, or leaping into another which would hang about the heels of Stephen Kemble.

35. (T.)

A leak in the waistcoat-pocket in which you

carry all your money—not detected till, on looking into your expenses, you find that you have spilt more than you have spent.

Ned Tes. But then, Sir, you escape the reproaches of your conscience for all the extravagancies you might have committed with the sums you have lost.

36. (S.)

The change in your *accueil* among the young ladies which you have to date from the day on which you first split on that rock, *a wig*.

Ned Tes. Quere, father—which would they like best—or rather hate least—a man with that appendage, or one absolutely bald. —Miss A.—by the bye, says she would rather see *one hair* in a tail, than a wig.

37. (S.)

Drawing attention to the ugliness of your hand by wearing a brilliant ring, newly *billeted* on your finger, by a kind friend.—Likewise,

38. (S.)

Wearing on your little finger a ring which would just fit your great toe;—or putting on another, which refuses to be put off again without the assistance of a saw.

39. (S.)

After the farce of dressing yourself in women's clothes, the tragedy of *un*dressing; an operation in which female assistance is alike desirable and unattainable—so that you e'en fret and blunder on by yourself, bursting a passage through gauzes and muslins—tripping yourself up with your dropping petticoats—half choked by your necklace in tugging it off—fingers pricked by ends of pins without beginnings, &c. &c.

40. (T.)

A beaver hat of so limber and flimsy a texture as to lose all shape (or rather take 50 shapes) every time you doff it to a passing acquaintance.

41. (T.)

Home-brewed pomat*a*.

42. (T.)

After dropping a wash-ball out of your frozen

fingers, bestirring yourself to run it down, by following its doublings, as it rapidly rolls about the room, till at length it takes sanctuary under a chest of drawers; whence if it be ever extricated, it presents itself under an impenetrable disguise of dust, hairs, and feathers.

43. (T.)

Hot curling-irons in the hand of an operator who, when he has twirled them up to your skull, there keeps them—obsequiously waiting every time for your roar, as his warrant for untwisting them.

44. (T.)

Patent shoe-buckles — of which the peculiar merit seems to lie in the firm purchase obtained by their inverted points in your instep.

45. (T.)

Your shoes blacked with so impartial an hand, that they are anointed with equal profusion within and without—as the colour of your stockings can testify.

46. (T.)

In a house full of male visitors—your shoes shuffled by a rascally servant into the general heap;

and two others—perfect strangers to you, as well as to each other—brought to you in their room.

47. (T.)

The collar of your coat so stitched and stiffened by your fashionable taylor, that it will not lie quiet, but spreads and stretches out at the two sides like a pair of pinions.

Tes. Look'ee here, Ned!—*(pointing to his own collar)*—hide the rest of my body, and I might be taken for the flying head of a Cherub!

Ned Tes. Yes, father—at a certain distance.

48. (T.)

After ordering a dress-suit of clothes for a grand occasion—seeing it brought in by the Taylor, (who seems to have carefully waited till that moment) just as your party—already too late, and whom you have no means of following—have driven off without you.

Ned Tes. Talking of Taylors, father,—you asked me a litile while ago, where my thoughts were; did you not, Sir?

Tes. Hey-day!—what's coming now?—Well, well, Sir,—suppose I did.

Ned Tes. Why, the truth is, I was thinking over the Taylors.

Tes. Thinking—over—the Taylors!—'gad, I believe I must think 'em over too, to find out, if I can, which of them is likely to make the strongest *strait-waistcoat* for *you*, Ned.—Why what the plague—come, get on, you dog!

Ned Tes. I mean, father, that I have been pondering, for some time past, upon the common saying, that "nine Taylors make a man."

Tes. O!—you have;—and pray what may be the fruit of your deliberations?

Ned Tes. Why, you see, Sir, I don't meddle with the question what truth there may, or may not, be in the position itself; but, taking it for granted, I have been putting together some curious conclusions which must necessarily flow from the premises; and if you'll have the patience to listen to them, here they are.

Tes. Have at 'em, by all means:—I'm glad to see you can put your mind to any thing for an hour together—though I'll be bound

to say there does not breathe upon earth a single human creature except Ned Testy, who would ever have thought of beginning the exercise of his reasoning faculties upon a Taylor!—But be that as it may—better think and talk of a Taylor, or even a Taylor's goose, than stand as *you* sometimes will, throwing your arms and legs abroad, and staring at the cieling for a whole hour together; then at the floor, or wainscoat, as long; while all around are debating within themselves whether you are a fool or a philosopher. For my own part, though your own father, I'm still just as much in the dark upon that point as ever—and so pray let me see what sort of omen is to be drawn from this new and extraordinary phenomenon, a Treatise upon Taylors.

Ned Tes. It is not a treatise, Sir, but a string of separate propositions, constructed and arranged somewhat in the form of your own "Miseries." My principal difficulty in composing them arose from a doubt whether any number of spare Taylors short of the standard complement of *nine to the man,* can at all combine, or be embodied, so as to reach to any kind or degree of energy, or

potentiality, as human Agents; or whether they ought even to be considered as having any real or positive existence whatever. And accordingly you will find that, pending these difficulties, some of my hypotheses are grounded on the affirmative of this abstruse question, and others on the negative.

I have entitled them

CURIOUS PROBLEMS AND PARADOXES RESPECTING TAYLORS.

DEFINITIONS.

1. *A Man of Taylors* is used, in the following Articles, to signify *a Man considered as composed of* 9 *Taylors.*

2. *A Man,* used simply, is *any man,* without particular reference to Taylors.

3. *Sartorial,* (Ladies!) means, *relating, or belonging to a Taylor.*

1.

Qu: In the first place—has a Taylor ever been opened by the side of a *Man,* for the purpose of making curious discoveries in comparative anatomy? *Qu:* also—has a similar comparison ever been instituted with the same view, between a Master-Taylor who has never actually wrought with his needle, and his working Apprentice?—Ditto, between a Working-Taylor, and one whose *mind* is already degraded by having determined to

bind himself to the business? Again—what proportional dividend of man is a *Staymaker*, who has hitherto unaccountably escaped the sentence of numerical depreciation which has long ago been passed upon the Taylor?—I now proceed to my Problems.

2.

According to the above rule of 9 to 1, we may easily suppose the whimsical spectacle of two *Men* at two of the holes of a raree-show-box, driving away a third *Man* (a chuckle-headed fellow) in order to admit nine moderate-sized Taylors in his place, that they may have room to see *more easily!*

3.

Qu:—Might not the new-born infant of a Taylor's wife, approach so near to absolute nullity as to be specifically lighter than air?—and consequently, would not a number of such inchoate or inceptive human animalculæ bottled up and strapped into the car of an Aeronaut (to prevent their flying away like bubbles) cause his balloon to ascend, without the expensive and troublesome preparation of artificial gases?—Let M. Garnerin think of this.

4.

At a Taylor's concert, it might curiously happen that only *single songs* could be sung, *for want of more than* 17 singers, which are not enough, by one, for a Duett.

5.

Curious question and answer between two *Men of Taylors* about a third. *Question*—"Did you find any body with our friend D—— when you called?" *Answer*—"No; not a soul:—we were entirely by our *eighteen* selves:—he knew I did not wish to talk over our business before a *third* person."

6.

It would be very imprudent to play at cards with a *Man of Taylors*; for while *some of him* were consulting how to play the hand, others might be looking over your cards; and others, again, *cabbaging* your fish.

7.

At an Inn—being requested by the Landlord, for want of rooms, to sleep in a double-bedded chamber, where there is only one other Gentleman; and after consenting to this, having your rest

broken by nine people snoring close to your ear,—or all gabbling together in *their dream*;—or tumbling over each other in the night, as they are walking in their sleep.

8.

Nine noses smelling at the same phial, before it can be determined what it contains!

9.

Nine sets of teeth employed alternately on the same hazle-nut before it can be cracked—the kernel to be afterwards frittered among the parties cracking.

10.

Eight Taylors remaining ignorant what o'clock it is, for want of another pair of eyes to help to see the dial plate—no *man* being at hand to be enquired of.

11.

A *Man of Taylors* advertising for a wife, who, in the end, marries nine Husbands, without being at all obnoxious to a charge of polygamy.

12.

Question to a *Man of Taylors*:—How do you

do, Mr. B——?—*Answer*, (each uttering one of the words in his turn)

First Taylor,	I
Second Taylor,	have
Third Taylor,	a
Fourth Taylor,	very
Fifth Taylor,	bad
Sixth Taylor,	cold,
Seventh Taylor,	I
Eighth Taylor,	thank
Ninth Taylor,	you.

13.

A wife hearing a large party pattering up stairs, and all talking at once,—then, as they walk up to her in a Body, she saying to them—"Ah, *my dear!* is it you?—I thought I knew your *step* and *voice*.

14.

A lady to whose house you go to dine, introducing you to 17 persons, naming them one after another, and then saying "I am very sorry, Sir, that I could get but *one* gentleman to meet you."

15.

Nine sitting down to supper, stripping an

artichoke of all its leaves at one pull, and immediately saying, *in chorus*, "I have done; take away."

16.

At billiards—9 bridges for one stroke with a cue.

17.

At cricket—a game of single wicket, which can be played by three, given up by 26 in despair.

18.

Tickling eight Snips, who sit quiet, and take it with grave faces, till at the moment that you touch the ninth, when all at once begin to flinch, squeak, and giggle.

19.

Seventeen at once passing without any difficulty through a turn-stile.

20.

On a trial—When a Sartorial Jury of 108, have settled their verdict, the *fore-man crowding* forward, and pronouncing it in so many different voices and dialects, that the judge cannot make out what he means / they mean } to say.

21.

In a Sartorial Solo on the German flute—ninety fingers all at work at once, and nine male mouths kissing over one hole.

22.

On your knocking at the door of a Man of Taylors, and inquiring whether he is at home,—a simple servant, not yet clearly initiated into the mysteries of his master's nature, answering—"Why, Sir, my master be'nt *all out*, as I may say; nor yet, somehow, *quite at home*, neither!—his account being immediately confirmed by 6 or 7, who come forward, and politely apologize for the absence of the rest.

23.

An impressed Man of Taylors becoming refractory on board of ship, and sending a mutinous paper to the Captain, with his *real* signature to it—yet escaping discovery by signing his *name* in a round robin.

24.

Having to appeal to the commissioners of taxes against an over-rate for nine working gardeners, charged by a natural mistake of the assessor (who

did not know that they were sartorial) instead of one.

25.

A Man of Taylors can never buy any thing that costs less than 2*d*.¼; there being no coin less than a farthing for each to contribute.

26.

Nine at once in the office of Lord Mayor, and yet no change in the government of the City.

27.

A child pointing to a room full of people, and crying out "That's my Papa!"

28.

Nine cutting each others fingers in mending the same pen.

29.

Nine idle Taylors crowding round you to beg, and whining in unison, till you are at last obliged to give *the fellow* a halfpenny to get rid of him.

30.

In the case of a Man of Taylors keeping a school—nine laying on at once on one poor boy's back!

31.

A Man of Taylors publishing a book, with his *name* running down the title page in this way

By { A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. } *Esqr.* Printed for the *Author.*

32.

A house-dog biting 8 persons as they come home at night, not knowing his master for want of the ninth.

33.

Nine Taylor-Volunteers acting together as a fugle man, and confusing the rest of the Corps, who do not know which to observe.

34.

Two Sedan Chair-men refusing to take in so few as 8, on the plea that they do not amount to a fare.

35.

A woman answering an advertisement for a wet-nurse to suckle twins, and horror-struck at finding eighteen brats shovelled into her lap.

36.

A new-born infant has not unfrequently been left in the night at the door of some charitable person who has accepted the charge; but perhaps it would try the patience of the most benevolent Character to find, at going out in the morning, a basket of babies, to the number of 9, squeaking at his knocker like a litter of pigs.

Ned Tes. But I have not done yet, Sir. To shew you how great Wits jump, I must tell you that, on my casually shewing the foregoing Problems to the Gentleman whom you sometimes talk of requesting to edit your new Volume, he told me, to my astonishment, that, some years ago, he had himself written and inserted in the "Looker-on" a few stanzas entirely composed of sartorial phœnomena, and so immediately sang to me what he calls

THE TAYLOR'S SONG. (*Tune Derry down.*)

1.

Come listen! I sing to the lovers of fun
Of a singular, plural, male party of one;—
Call us Taylors—we're snipp'd into nine in a minute,
Call us Men — hocus pocus! we're piec'd in a unit! Derry down, &c.

2.

When I've giv'n you a sketch of our story, you'll own us
A match for the marvels of Breslaw or Jonas;
I'll eat 'em if ever those Jugglers combine
To split, without murder, one Man into nine.
Derry down, &c.

3.

I've seen the Sieur Comus embezzle at whist
All the tricks, trumps, and honours, before they were mist;—
But we laugh at his magic, and challenge the lubber
Like Taylors to want thirty-six for a rubber.
Derry down, &c.

4.

And how would these Conjurors ferret and sweat,
To see us pair off by eighteens to piquet!—
Tho' our routs might be spar'd, for each corporate Elf,
A snug party of nine, is a Rout in himself.
Derry down, &c.

5.

We're a faint-hearted set—or, to give my advice,
For Soldiers we all shou'd enlist in a trice,
For multiply one into nine in our band,
And the French how they'd quake at the multiplicand. Derry down, &c.

6.

And *he* need not care for the chance of a shot
Who has life enough left to go eight times to pot,
Or if nine of his legs should be left on the plain,
May be running away with the nine that remain.
Derry down, &c.

7.

'Twixt us and the Ladies what fine goings on!
We may do as we please, and no fear of Crim. Con.
For if one of the nine but keep out of the scrape,
Since but eight of him sin, the whole Shopboard escape. Derry down, &c.

8.

Should we take to the Stage, what immense benefactors
We Taylors should prove in the saving of actors!
What social soliloquies—nine in a roar!
And what throng'd tête-a-têtes—wanting two of a score! Derry down, &c.

9.

Stage-coachmen may curse us—but we laugh that win,
Since we pay but for one, tho' nine Skip-lice get in;
And as for Outsides—half a hundred are pack'd,
Yet the roof is unbent, and unbroken the Act.
Derry, down, &c.

10.

If ever we sit to a son of the brush,
The lucks all our own, and he's put to the push,
For we pay but the price of a man, while *he* toils.
At a nine-fold expense of time, canvass, and oils.
Derry, down, &c.

11.

But of all our advantages think how intense
Our perception must be of the pleasures of sense!
What a posse of ears, and of eyes, mouths, and noses,
For sounds, and for sights, guttling, guzzling, and posies. Derry down, &c.

12.

They talk of long-livers—ye single-liv'd men,
What youngsters are ye with your three score and ten!
To match our nine lives they can find but a few,
As Methuselah, Cats, and the Wandering Jew.
Derry down, &c.

13.

To crown all our glories, our number's divine,
For I've oft heard 'em say that the Muses were nine,
So we'll drink with nine cheers, that is three times three,
To all Knights of the Thimble wherever they be.
Derry down, &c.

Tes. Go to bed, Ned:—I'll send you some gruel once or twice in the course of the day; and the doctor shall see you in the morning, when you are sufficiently lowered to give him rational answers.—Or stay—tell me this moment, you young dog, whether these *propositions*, as you call them, are laid down in jest or earnest, and whether you actually entertain any doubts upon this curious subject, or not.

Ned Tes. Indeed, Sir, I have not yet in-

quired of myself, whether I am doubtful or not; but to please you, I'll try to find out how that matter stands, before our next meeting.

Tes. Aye, aye, do—though I'm afraid the utmost I shall obtain of *you*, (as some one says, I think, in speaking of Hume's account of his own dubieties,) is " a doubtful solution of doubtful doubts."—Let me thank you, however, for having furnished me with one Misery more than I expected; viz.

49. (T.)

A son half crazed, and on the high road towards the other half.

Why, Oaf as you are, how can you stand there, and hear me, day after day, read such wholesome lectures upon human life, without getting one grain of instruction into that stubborn head, or squeezing out a single Groan, in return for the hundreds you have heard from me?—What! does nothing that you meet with as you walk about, make your blood boil, you Booby?—Come, sirrah, make me a Misery off hand on the spot, or I'll ——

Ned Tes. O yes, Sir—half a dozen at a groan —or, if you please, at a Grunt.

50.

Ned's Grunt.

A bee in your bonnet, a bone in your gullet, a bat in your bed-room, a BULL AT YOUR BREAKFAST—when, all in a hurry, your chair's out o' window, your tea-things are trampled, your table's in splinters, your urn's at the ceiling—till, boiled and butted, and flurried and gutted, you're tossed up the chimney, your skull's in the soot, and your feet in the fire, your——

Tes. (*Flying at him with his cudgel, and chasing him round the room,*) O ho! you rascally young dog—you *will* hoax your father, will you—if I can but come athwart you, I'll force *one* Groan out of you which you shan't be in a hurry to repeat.

Ned Tes. O pray, Sir—consider, its my first attempt—I was afraid my few first Groans might fall short of the true standard of suffering, and so I thought I'd go far enough in the last.

Tes. Very prudent, indeed!—I only wish

I could "go far enough" to catch you—I'd mark my opinion of your *first attempt* pretty distinctly—but luckily for you, a twinge of the gout came in just in time to save you.

Yes, yes—its clear enough, by this time, how all the pains I have so long been taking with that impenetrable sconce of yours, are likely to end;—I might as well have tried to shape a rock with a razor. One more attempt, however, I have still to make, and shall keep in my rage as well as I can till I have gone through it:—how well I shall master mysel. if I find you continue on the wrong side to the last, you know me well enough by this time, young Crab-stock, to make a pretty good guess for yourself.

Ned Tes. To mend my chance a little, father, perhaps you'll indulge me by naming the subject of the Lecture before-hand—which is only like allowing a prisoner a copy of his indictment, you know.

Tes. The subject sirrah!—every subject in one—a whole broadside of proofs at once—I reserved my strongest force for the last; that if I should fail of picking off your objections to Misery one by one, I might try at last

whether I could not carry them by storm and battery.—I'm too hot upon this experiment to wait another day for it; and so prepare yourself for my last attack this very Evening.

Ned Tes. In the mean time, Sir, with your leave, I'll go and consider of the best position for receiving your fire.

DIALOGUE THE TWENTY-FIRST.

MISERIES MISCELLANEOUS.

Testy Senior and Junior.

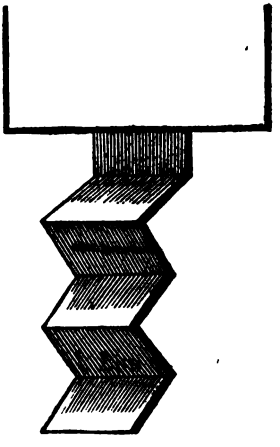
Testy.

Now then—no time for parlying—off goes my artillery:—

MISERIES MISCELLANEOUS.

GROAN 1. (T.)

The step of a post chaise or hackney-coach constructed upon this principle:—



2. (S.)

The horrors of repeatedly sitting for your picture increased an hundred-fold by a discovery that the likeness regularly loses more and more ground at every time.

3. (T.)

Paying dear for your economy in having made purchases at a "Cheap Repository."

4. (S.)

Having concerns to settle with a piggish block-

head, who consumes one half of your time in getting at your meaning, and the other in making objections to it.

5. (T.)

In handing a Lady out of a boat, along a ricketty plank—sacrificing your own footing to save hers.

Ned Tes.

"Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
Of self-exposure?—Thou romantic fool!—
Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let *her* sink."

Young.

6. (S.)

With a nice ear, as well as eye—seeing raw Recruits *not* learning to march!

8. (T.)

In a hasty attempt to twitch out the tight cork of a bottle of sal-volatile for a fainting lady, breaking it short off:—no screw small enough to extract the stump;—then, in violently forcing it through the neck of the phial, spirting the spirit into your eye.

9. (S.)

The perpetual struggle between curiosity and cleanliness, in going through a course of chemical experiments.

Mrs. Tes. Chemistry, indeed!—

10. (Mrs. T.)

Learning the filthy state of the streets or roads from your favourite puppy, as he jumps up upon your nice muslin dress, on his return from his rambles.

11. (T.)

At dinner,—continuing to sit with your back to the *furnace* long after it has become insupportable; —all the party except yourself consisting of ladies, each of whom had positively declined to be "set down to the fire."

12. (S.)

Attending an Amateur-gardener, in the Dog-days, through all his Forcing-houses, where he detains you among his pines and melons, till you are in danger of being forced, too!

13. (S.)

On looking down from the top of a steeple, precipice, &c. taking its altitude by means of the sudden dizziness which seizes you, accompanied with that sinking, thrilling, tingling qualm, which darts from your heart to your ancles, as you shrink backward from your perpendicular peep.

14. (T.)

Your great-coat becoming a no less inveterate enemy at the end of an April ramble, than it had proved a fast friend at the beginning of it.

15. (T.)

On drawing on a new boot—finding that the maker has (as usual) remembered to leave the wooden spike in the middle of the heel, there to welcome your foot as soon as it arrives.

16. (T.)

Learning to ride—or, in other words, paying handsomely for the privilege of going, day after day, to be canted out of your saddle, and frightened out of your wits, in a variety of different manners, by as many different horses, all carefully broken into restiveness for the benefit of the rider!

17. (T.)

Learning to *box*, too—*i. e.* feeing a great raw-boned fellow to thresh you as long as he can stand over you (or rather you under him) 3 or 4 times a week, because you *may*, some time or other, have a fancy to thresh somebody else.

18. (S.)

On shaking off a long reverie, the sudden consciousness that, during the whole of your absent fit, your eyes have been intently fixed on a letter which a stranger is writing or reading close at your elbow.

19. (S.)

To be perpetually visited with a charge of double postage for your single letters; leaving you no option but that of recovering your money by the sacrifice of your ease, or keeping your ease by the sacrifice of your money.

20. (T.)

Gulping and straining at a pill about the size of a nut; which at last, however, you succeed in getting as low down as to—the middle of your throat!

21. (S.)

A perfect stranger inadvertently introduced to you while you are *shaving*;—a miserable mixture of suds and ceremonies!

22. (S.)

An He-goat as he affects the nose.

Tes. I shall wind up the clue of my sufferings by repeating what to me has proved a perpetual misery; for though it was long ago inserted in the old list, it is still in as full force as ever; viz.

23. (T.)

Drying up your brains in striving, day and night, to hit upon the solution of a riddle.

I have been willing to give it up, and be told, any time this last twelvemonth; but, as *things* will have it, not a soul can I meet with who is a jot wiser or sharper than myself.—Come, Ned!—as you have lately been dealing in Paradoxes, (which are not far from Riddles,) you shall try *your* luck. Who

knows but a brain wrought out of such uncouth stuff as yours is may be more in its element with such a crooked, cross-grained species of composition, than any other of a more orderly or rational nature.—I'll take my chance for it, however:—now, then!

RIDDLE.

Tho' descended from *stars*
Yet before them I *was*,
And shining amongst them am seen:
I'm a Cobler, and King,
I am dumb yet I sing,
And tho' dirty, yet ever am clean.

I am blue, green, and white,
(Most miraculous sight!)
Yet farther, I'm black, red, and yellow;
Tho' the kitchen's my station,
I support navigation,
And all own me a comical fellow.

E're my mother was born,
I'd three tails and a horn;
I am blind, yet four eyes I possess;
Though in ditches I've been,
Yet I'm food for a Queen,
And with splendour shine forth in her dress.

Tho' a giant in size,
I'm conceal'd from all eyes;
I'm a merchant, cook, taylor, and judge,—
I am made like a toad,
Often wander abroad,
And yet from my seat never budge.

Tes. Come, come, sirrah—make haste! I say;—what is it?

Ned Tes. (*Aside*) whew!—I hope he does not guess that I made it myself, and left it in his way on the *first of April.*

Tes. Well, my boy; why I do think you seem to be hammering it out, sure enough.

Ned Tes. Alas! no Sir:—"Davus sum, non Œdipus."

Tes. Pshaw, Dunderhead!—you are not even Davus;—though *I* am, for being such a blockhead as to expect any help from you in the way of brains.

Well, but now, to come to the main object, and that as pithily as possible:—I have shut up my books, you see, and here I stand for your answer; you know what I'm at, I suppose?—You have now heard quite enough, as I take it, to enable you to make up your

mind.—At a word, then—do you side with me, or Sensitive?

Ned Tes. This is sudden, indeed, father.

Tes. Sudden!—I don't know what you call sudden; but this I know, that you have been standing upon your trial, off and on, for a whole year, or more, with pretty plain warnings, from time to time, of the fate that was hanging over you.

Ned. Tes. True, father; but, really, if you consider that this fate was nothing less than that of being turned out of doors with a "splending shilling" in my pocket, you must grant that such a "Groan" as this, must have now and then disconcerted my attention to the Minor Miseries.

Tes. Worse and worse, you Varlet!—What have I been about all this time, if I have not yet been able to beat it into you that what you have the impudence to call the *Minor* Miseries are, in fact, the *Major* Miseries!

Ned Tes. But, dear me, Sir—

Tes. Aye, aye—you may be as dear to yourself as you please; but you can only be dear to *me* by thinking and feeling exactly as I do:—why, what have I been teaching you, puppy, ever since I called you away

from Eton, but the lessons which my own plaguy experience has taught me?—Hav'nt I made you throw away Seneca, and Cicero, and Epictetus, and the rest of the old fools who pretend to give us receipts for making honey out of nettles? and hav'nt I put good wholesome doctrine into your hands, making you give your days and nights to "Ovid's Tristia"—and "The Mountain of Miseries" and "The Self-Tormentor"—and "The Art of Tormenting" — and "Let's all be unhappy together"—and, above all, my own "Groans?"

Ned Tes. Yes, Sir—but, however it came about, it would sometimes happen that just as I was trying to squeeze out a few tears at some of these doleful stories, according to your directions, I suddenly found my whimper turned into a loud——

Tes. Silence, sirrah!—And then, again, when I sent you on your rambles t'other day, didn't I take care to give you every chance by depriving you of all the commonest comforts of a journey?—Had you a portmanteau to put your *second* shirt in?—didn't I insist on your travelling all night, cold as it was, on

the roof of a stage-coach? — Did I put a farthing in your pocket more than would barely serve to pay your way?

Ned Tes. I should certainly be a most ungrateful monster, Sir, if I did not freely acknowledge that in all these, and a thousand other instances, you forgot nothing that might make me a finished wretch; but yet after all—

Tes. Well, Jackanapes, after all, what has been the result?—that's what you are to tell me at a word:—once more, then, do you mean to stick by me, or that ideot Sensitive?

Ned Tes. Why really, father—as I ventured to answer before—this seems, all things considered, as short a notice as could well be given on a question involving such very important consequences:—however, if I *must* make up my determination extempore, I can only say, it does really seem to me that although Misery may be, and, since you are so fond of it, I conclude *is*, a very good thing, yet, do what I will, I cannot, somehow, help being half inclined to doubt whether, after all, Happiness may not, of the two, be suspected to be, upon the whole, *rather* better; and

consequently, since I am required positively to declare either for you, or Mr Sensitive, I must say that——

Tes. I am an Ass, and he is an Oracle, I suppose—*(Here, Testy rings the bell without ceasing, till a servant enters)*—scamper off to Codicil the Attorney, and tell him I want him this moment to make an alteration in my will.

Ned Tes. Nay, father,—do but have a little patience; who knows but I may learn to groan a little yet.

Tes. You!—Off, you rascal; (*to the servant*)—*you* groan!—O yes! who can doubt it, after such a promising beginning?—what have you been doing ever since I took you under my tuition?—standing like a fool, with your eyes in one place, and your mind (if you have one) in another—quoting, or quizzing, when you ought to have been listening and learning—hoaxing me with a sham "Groan"—running after that traitor Sensitive—raving and drivelling about Taylors—praising the Magazines—and to crown all, breaking out at last into downright rebellion:—out of my sight, you dog— and if you wish that we

should ever meet again, you know the alternative—Misery, with a house over your head, or Happiness, without a halfpenny.—March, I say!

Ned Tes. (*Running off.*) BAD morning to you, Sir.

Tes. Why what the plague?—where is this scoundrel of a scrivener?—what if I should die before he comes!—

(*Exit furiously.*)*

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* *Note by the Editor.* The vague apprehension expressed by Mr. Testy, in the last of his recorded words, was unhappily verified by the event. Whether this sudden catastrophe arose, or not, from the cause there assigned, enfeebled as his stamina must have been by the increasing frequency of those *falling fits* which we have heard him confessing, the Editor undertakes not to determine. He is principally concerned to signify that he has taken upon himself to execute Mr. Testy's declared intentions of publishing his Papers;—though with hopes and purposes widely differing from those which actuated their fiery Collector.

FAREWELL ADDRESS FROM THE EDITOR.

It may possibly be expected of the Editor, by the readers of this humble performance, to assign his motives for having continued to withold his name from the former of these volumes, so long after the Public had been pleased to stamp it with approbation. In defence of this concealment, should a defence be required, he simply pleads his *Profession*; with the sacred character of which it might not have been considered as strictly accordant, to connect his name with a Publication so remarkably abounding in levities, until it should be as generally felt, and allowed, as he would fain presume it now to be, that those levities are sanctioned by his ulterior views. He confidently flatters himself that no reproach of such a nature as is here supposed can fairly fasten upon any attempt, however imbecile, to cool the blood of the petulant—to rebuke discontent erected upon fictitious grounds—to strengthen the guards of patience under evils of the meaner kinds and degrees—to substitute laughter, as the

remedy of those evils, for violence or lamentation, which are, in reality, but their symptoms —to chastise the fopperies of preposterous delicacy and, refinement—and as the main result of his undertaking, to establish in the heart that general temper of mildness, suavity, and good-humour, which is not merely a component part of general philanthropy, as well as of individual peace, but which (to extol it not more highly than it deserves) must be regarded as one of the main pillars of the Christian character.

J. BERESFORD.

N. B. It was the full intention of the Editor to have delayed the avowal of his name till now; and it was only through an inadvertence of his own, that it was prematurely given with the Sixth Edition of the First Volume.

March 18, 1807.

FINIS.

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